THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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EDMUND DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, } EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

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☞ We commenced in THE POST of January 2d a new story by that celebrated writer, Mrs. Wood, author of "EAST LYNNE," "VERNER'S PRIDE," &c.

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☞ A philosophic and self-possessed ship captain was passing through a churchyard at midnight, when a sheeted ghost rose up from behind a tombstone and approached him with menacing gestures. The ancient mariner coolly raised his stick and gave him a crack over the side of the head, asking him what he meant by being out of his grave at so late an hour.

PARTED.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY HELEN M. PRATT.

Parted, say you! Methinks we are united
In the sweet bond of our acknowledged love;
Each to the other so sincerely plighted,
That nothing shall our steadfast friendship move.

"But there were tears!" Ay, and tears still are lying,
Unshed and heavy, in mine anxious heart;
Speak, then, my Pearl, relieve my lonely sighing;
Say, "It is well. Not utterly we part."

Parted, say you? Not though the white-robed Angel,
With shrouded eyes, come down between us now,
And loose the silver cord, and free one spirit,
And leave the other with a clouded brow.

Death doth not bring us the severest sorrow;
There is a parting that is worse, far worse;
When fond Affection turns to rankling hatred,
And Love's sweet blessing to a bitter curse."

Such be not ours: when the Eternal Morning
Sheds its unclouded splendor o'er our way,
Be it *one* bliss amid our myriad blessings,
Together to enjoy the unending day.

OSWALD CRAY.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD,

AUTHOR OF "VERNER'S PRIDE," "THE SHADOW OF ASHLYDYATT," "SQUIRE TREVLYN'S HEIR," "THE MYSTERY," ETC., ETC.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1864, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

It was just five-and-twenty minutes past seven when Eales returned. He had stayed longer than he intended, and he dashed into his office head foremost, catching a glimpse of the crowd on the platform, now quickly increasing.

"What do they want, that lot?" he cried to Williams. "Is anything wrong?"

"They are waiting for the up-train. It's preciously behind time to-night, and I suppose some of them are alarmed—have got friends in it, may be."

"What up-train?" asked Eales.

"The seven o'clock up-train to London."

Eales stood confounded.

"Why, is that not come up? An accident must have happened."

"Not obliged to," coolly returned Williams. "It's kept back by the excursion trains, most likely."

"There are no excursion trains to-day between this and Hildon," quickly observed Eales.

"It has not got so far yet. It has not passed Hildon."

"It has passed Hildon," replied Eales. "It passed at its proper time, and was signalled up."

Williams turned and stared at Eales with all his might.

"Who says it has been signalled up?"

"Who says it! Why, I say it. I got the signal as usual."

"Then how came you to tell me you hadn't had it?" asked Williams.

"I never told you so."

"You did. You'll say black's white next. It was the only question I asked you—whether the up-train had been signalled, and you replied it had not been."

"You said the down-train; you never said the up."

"I meant the up. It's not likely I should ask whether the down-train was signalled, that wasn't near due! *You* have done a pretty thing!"

How long they might have continued to dispute, one seeking to lay the blame upon the other, it is impossible to say. But at that moment the station-master came in again, and the mistake was made known, to him and to others. The train *had* left Hildon at its proper time, and therefore the delay, whatever might be its cause, lay very near to them. In the six miles of rail intervening between Hallingham and Hildon, the train must be on some spot of it.

That an accident of some nature had taken place, the most sanguine could now only believe, and a whole shower of verbal missives was hurled upon the two men, Eales and Williams, who did nothing but retort on each other. Each firmly regarded the other as being alone in fault: an impartial judge would have said they were equally culpable. Extricating himself from the confusion, Mr. Oswald Cray returned to Sara. She looked at him with questioning eyes, her heart shrinking: that hubbub in the station had reawakened her fears. He quietly placed her hand within his arm, and began to pace as before.

PRESENTATION TO THE COUNTESS OF YARBOROUGH OF AN EQUESTRIAN PORTRAIT OF HER LADYSHIP BY THE GENTLEMEN OF THE BROCKLESBY HUNT.

[SEE ARTICLE ON EIGHTH PAGE.]

"I find things do not look quite so well as we fancied—"

"There has been an accident!" she interrupted. "Do not hide it from me, Oswald!"

He lightly laid his other hand on hers, an assurance of his truth.

"I will hide nothing from you, my dearest," and the never-yet-used term of endearment seemed to slip from him involuntarily, in the moment's need that he should soothe her. "We have not heard that there is an accident, for no tidings of any sort have come up; but the train, it seems, did leave Hildon at its usual time, and something must therefore have occurred to delay it."

A deep, sobbing sigh nearly broke from her, but she coughed it down.

"Do not meet trouble half way," he said, in a lighter tone. "It does not follow that an accident, in the popular sense of the term, must have occurred, because the train is not up. The engine may have broken down and be unable to come on, but the passengers may be as safe and well as we are. There's no doubt the engine is disabled or it would have come on for assistance."

"Assistance for the wounded?" she quickly rejoined.

"Assistance that may be wanted in any way. The telegraph is at work to stop all trains, and some of us are going down—"

It was the last collected word they were enabled to speak. The news had spread in the town, and the affrighted people were coming up in shoals. News, at the best, loses nothing in carrying, and the delay was magnified into a dreadful accident, with half the train killed. In the midst of it, the guard of the missing train arrived, flying up the line as if for his life, and carrying a lantern.

The engine had run off the line on to the bank, and turned over. A few of the passengers were injured, but he thought not many; some of them were walking on, the field way. It had occurred about midway between the two stations, a little nearer to Hallingham than to the other. An engine was wanted to bring on the train, and it might be as well if a doctor or two went down.

This was the climax for the affrighted crowd, and those who had relatives in the train seemed to well-nigh lose their senses. A scene of inextricable confusion ensued. Some were restrained by force from jumping on the line and setting off to the scene of accident; some strove to get upon the carriage and engine about to start for it. Order was restored with great difficulty and the carriage and engine rescued from the invaders; who then quitted the station, and set off to run to the scene, through the same fields that, as the guard said, passengers were advancing.

Two medical men, who had been hastily obtained, Mr. Oswald Cray, and sundry officials of the line, took their seats in the carriage to be conveyed to the spot. The engine had given its first puff, and was snorting off, when a loud shout arrested it.

"Stop! stop! One single moment! Here's Dr. Davenal!"

His name, for those poor wounded ones, was a tower of strength; worth all the rest of the surgical skill in Hallingham, and he was pulled into the carriage, having caught a glimpse of the white face of his daughter outside the throng. Sara, terrified and bewildered, wondering what she should do next, was suddenly pounced upon by Miss Davenal.

"You naughty girl! What on earth can you be doing here?"

"Oh, Aunt Bettina, there has been an accident to the train! Caroline and Mr. Cray are sure to be in it."

"Caroline and Mr. Cray are what?" cried out Miss Bettina.

"I fear they are in the train. There has been an accident between here and Hildon. An engine has just gone down with assistance."

"I don't want to know about engines," returned Miss Davenal, who had not understood one word in ten. "I ask what you do here alone? Caroline and Mr. Cray can come home, I suppose, without your waiting for them in this public manner. What would your papa say if he saw you?"

"Papa has seen me," replied Sara. "Papa has just come up to the station and is gone down with the engine."

"Gone down with what engine? What do you mean?"

Sara put her lips close to Miss Davenal's ear.

"Papa's gone down the line with some more gentlemen, to see about the wounded."

"Wounded!" shrieked Miss Bettina. "Has there been an accident? Who's wounded? Caroline and Mr. Cray?"

"We don't know yet, aunt." And in the best way that she could, Sara strove to make the case comprehensible to her aunt. Miss Davenal understood at last, and was somewhat mollified.

"Sara, I am not very angry with you now. I might have stopped myself. An accident to the train, and the doctors gone down! Oh! those dreadful railways!"

A little longer of suspense, and then the passengers began to arrive. After the shock and fright, it had seemed safer to many of them to walk the three miles of distance, than to trust to the rail again and another engine. The path fields were dry, and it was a pleasant walk by moonlight. Miss Bettina, whose eyes were as quick as her hearing was dull, was the first to recognize Mrs. Cray amidst them.

Caroline burst into tears as they laid hold of her, and Sara's heart began to sink. But the tears were only the effect of the fright and excitement she had gone through. She could give no clear account of the accident or what it had brought forth. All she knew was that there was great banging and bumping of the carriage she was in, but it was not overturned. Two other carriages were, and the engine was lying on its side with all its steam coming out of it. She scrambled up the bank in her terror, as did most of the passengers, and came on with them.

"And Mark?" asked Sara, scarcely daring to put the question.

"Mark! He stayed to look after the wounded," was her reply. "He said he thought there was nobody seriously hurt. At any rate, there are no lives lost."

Sara's heart breathed a word of thankfulness.

"Did you see Lady Oswald?" she asked.

"She went to Hildon this afternoon, and Mr. Oswald Cray thought she must be in this train returning."

"I did not see her," replied Mrs. Cray. "Lady Oswald in the train! I thought she never travelled by rail."

"She did this afternoon. One of her carriage-horses is ill. How thankful! How thankful we must all be that it is no worse!" concluded Sara Davenal.

"Well, this is a fine ending to your wedding jaunt!" exclaimed Miss Bettina.—"What about your luggage, Caroline? Is it safe?"

"As if we gave a thought to our luggage, Aunt Bettina! When people's lives are at stake they can't think of their luggage."

"Nor care either, perhaps," sharply answered Miss Bettina, who, for a wonder, had caught the words. "It may be lying soused in the engine-water, for all you know!"

"I daresay it is," equably returned Caroline. "It was in the van next the engine."

But the full report had to come up yet; and the excited crowd stopped on.

PART XI.

PAIN.

Clear and distinct lay the lines of rail in the cold moonlight. It was a straight bit of line there, without curve or bend, rise or incline; and why the engine should have gone off the rails remained to be proved. It was lying on its side, the steam escaping as from a fizzing, hissing furnace. The luggage van was overturned and its contents were scattered; and two carriages were overturned also: a second-class, which had been next the van, a first-class which had followed it.

But now, as good Providence had willed it, in that second-class carriage there had only been three passengers. The train was not a crowded one, and people don't travel close to the engine as a matter of taste. Of these three passengers, two had thrown themselves flat on the floor of the carriage between the seats, and escaped without injury; the other had a broken arm and a bruised head, not of much moment. The first-class carriage was more fully occupied, and several of the passengers, though not fatally, or even extensively, were seriously hurt; and of the driver and stoker, the one had saved himself by leaping from his engine, the other was flung to a distance and lay there as he fell.

Mrs. Cray had told her aunt and cousin, when she afterwards met them at Hallingham, that her husband had remained behind to tend the wounded. The first face that Mr. Cray distinguished in the moonlight, lying amidst the debris of the overturned first-class carriage, was that of Lady Oswald and so completely astonished was he to see it, that he thought either his eyes or the moon must be playing him false. He and Caroline had been in a carriage almost at the back of the train, consequently he had not seen her at the Hildon station: and he had believed that Lady Oswald, of all persons, would have been the last to attempt railway travelling, so much was she averse to rails and trains in general. Groaning and moaning by her side was Parkins; and Mr. Cray could doubt no longer.

With assistance the injured passengers were extricated and laid upon the bank. Their injuries were unequal: some, after the first shock, could walk and talk, some could do neither; while the first grumbled and complained of their bruises and abrasions, the last lay still, except for groaning. The only perfectly quiet one was Lady Oswald: she lay with her pale face upturned to the moonlight, her eyes closed. It was natural perhaps that Mark Cray should turn his first attention to her. A gentleman, one of the passengers, asked if she was dead.

"No," said Mark; "she has only fainted. Parkins, suppose you get up and try if you can walk. I'm sure you can't be hurt if you are able to make that noise. That engine appears not to be over steady. Take care it does not raise itself again and come puffing off this way."

Parkins, not detecting the ruse, started up with a shriek, and stood rubbing herself all over. "I think I'm killed," she cried; "I don't believe I have got a whole bone in me."

"I'll see by-and-by," said Mr. Cray. "Meanwhile come and help your lady. I want her bonnet and cap untied."

Parkins limped to the spot stiffly with many groans, but wonderfully well considering the belief she had just expressed. At the same moment some one came up with water, procured from a pond in the field, and the driver, who had just come to *his* legs, brought a lamp. The lamp was held to Lady Oswald's face, and some of the water poured into her mouth. Between the two she opened her eyes.

"What's the matter?" she asked. "Where am I?"

"She's all right," whispered Mr. Cray, his warm tone proving that he had not previously felt so assured of the fact. "Has anybody got a drop of brandy?" he called out to the passengers, who yet stayed at the scene.

"Goodness me! where am I?" cried Lady Oswald, with a faint shriek. "Parkins, is

that you? What has happened? Didn't we get into the railway carriage?"

"But we are out of it now, my lady," cried Parkins, sobbing. "There has been an awful upset, my lady, and I don't know anything more, except that it's a mercy we are alive."

"An upset!" repeated Lady Oswald, who appeared to have no recollection whatever of the circumstances. "Is anybody hurt? Are you hurt, Parkins?"

"Every bone in me is broke, my lady, if I may judge by the feel of 'em. This comes of them sheds."

"Be quiet, Parkins," said Mr. Cray, who had succeeded in finding a wicker-cased bottle containing some brandy-and-water. "Help me to raise your lady a little."

Parkins contrived to afford held in spite of the damaged bones, but the moment Lady Oswald was touched she shrieked out terribly.

"Let me alone! let me alone! Is that Mark Cray? How kind you are to come to see after me, Mr. Cray! Did you come from Hallingham?"

"We were in the same train, Lady Oswald; I and Caroline. I am very glad that it happened to be so."

"To be sure; I begin to remember: you were to return to-night. I—I feel very faint."

Mark succeeded in getting her to drink some brandy-and-water, but she positively refused to be touched, though she said she was in no pain. He thought she was exhausted, the effect of the shock, and left her to attend to other sufferers, who perhaps wanted his aid more than Lady Oswald.

Then, after awhile, the carriage came up, bringing the help from Hallingham. Mark Cray saw Dr. Davenal with the greatest pleasure, and he took him at once towards Lady Oswald.

"Are many hurt?" inquired the doctor.

"Astonishingly few," was the reply; "and the hurts are of a very minor character, I fancy. A broken arm is about the worst."

"And what of Lady Oswald?"

"I don't think she's hurt at all: she's suffering from the shock. A little exhausted; but that's natural."

"To a woman of her age such a shock is no light thing, Mark. However, we must do the best we can for everybody."

"There has been enough groaning—if that's any thing to judge by," said Mark; "groaning and complaining too."

"Glad to hear it," said the doctor. "When people can complain the damage is not very extensive."

"Parkins, for one, keeps protesting that every bone's broken. But she ran out of the way pretty quickly when I told her the engine might start up again."

The doctor smiled, and they came up to Lady Oswald. Oswald Cray had found her out, and was sitting on the bank beside her. She spoke just a word or two to him, but seemed, as Mr. Cray had said, exhausted. Oswald Cray rose to resign his place to Dr. Davenal, and he took his brother aside.

"Is she much hurt, Mark?"

"Oh, no," replied Mark. "It has shaken her, of course: but she has been talking as fast as I can talk."

He spoke with singular confidence. In the first place, Mark Cray was naturally inclined to look on the bright side of things, to feel confident himself, in the absence of any palpable grounds for doing so; in the second, he did not think it at all mattered what information on the point was given to Oswald.

Reassured upon the score of Lady Oswald, Oswald quitted Mark, and went amidst the wounded. Proud man though he was accused of being, though he was, never was there a tenderer heart, a softer hand, a gentler voice for the sick and suffering than his. All the patients appeared to have been attended to in some degree; and they were in good hands now. Oswald halted by the side of the poor stoker, a swarthy, honest-faced man, who was moaning out his pain.

"What, is it you, Bigg!" he said, recognizing the man. "I did not know you were back on this part of the line again."

"I on'y come on it yesterday, sir. It's just my luck."

"Where are you hurt?"

"I be scalded awful, sir. I never knew what pain was afore to-night. All my lower limbs is—"

"Take care!" shouted Oswald to a stupid fellow who was running along with a plank in his arms. "Can't you see there's a man lying here? What are you about?"

"About my work," was the rough reply, spoken in an insolent tone. It was one of the men just brought down, a workman from Hallingham station, and Oswald knew him well.

"What is that, Wells?" he quietly asked.

Wells looked round now, surprised at being addressed by name. He pretty nearly dropped his load in consternation when he recognized Mr. Oswald Cray. Full as his hands were, he managed to jerk his hat from his head.

"I beg your pardon, I'm sure, sir. I thought it was nothing but some idler-obstricting of me. One does get beset with idlers at these times, asking one all sorts of questions. I shouldn't have answered that way, sir, if I'd knowed it was you."

"Go on with your work: there's no time to talk. And don't blunder along again without looking where you are going."

"One can't see well in the dark, sir."

"It's not dark; it is as light as it need be. Quite light enough for you to see your way. Do you call that bright moon nothing?"

"He'd ha' been right over my legs, but for you, sir," murmured poor Bigg, the great drops of pain standing out on his brow, black with his occupation. "I don't know how I be to bear this agony. That cursed engine—"

"Hush, Bigg," interrupted Mr. Oswald Cray.

Bigg groaned his contrition.

"Heaven forgive me! I know it ain't a right word for me to-night."

"Heaven will help you to bear the pain if you will only let it," said Oswald. "There has been worse pain to bear even than yours, my poor fellow; though I know how hard it is for you now to think so."

"It may be my death-blow, sir. And what's to become o' my wife and little uns? Who'll work for 'em?"

"No, no, Bigg. I hope it is not so bad as that. I do not think it is."

"If one might count by pain, sir—"

"Bigg, I can give you a little comfort on that score," interrupted Oswald Cray." A friend of mine was very dreadfully burnt, through his bed-clothes catching fire.—Awfully burnt: I don't like, even at this distance of time, to think of it. The next day I heard of it and went to see him. I am not a very good one to witness physical pain, and I remember how I dreaded to witness his, and the spectacle I did not doubt he presented. He was a spectacle, poor fellow—but let that pass. To my great astonishment he saluted me heartily as I went in. 'Hollos, old friend!' were his words, not only cheerfully but merrily spoken. I found that he did not suffer pain: had not felt any from the moment he was burnt. In my ignorance, I set that down as a most favorable symptom, and felt sure he would get well very shortly. When I was leaving him, I met the doctor going in, and said how glad I was to find his patient so well. 'Well!' he exclaimed, 'why, what do you judge by?' And I said—by his feeling no pain. 'That's just it,' the doctor observed: 'if he only felt pain, there might be a chance for him. I wish I could hear him roar out with it.' Now, Bigg," Mr. Oswald Cray added, "I am no surgeon, but I infer that the same theory must hold good in scalds as in burns: that your pain is as favorable a symptom as his want of it was unfavorable. Do not *rebel* at your pain again, my poor fellow; rather bear it like a man. Were I scalded or burnt, I think I should be *thankful* for the pain."

"He was burnt worse, may be, nor me, that there gentleman," remarked Bigg, who had listened with interest.

"Ten times worse," replied Oswald. "Yes, I may say ten times worse," he emphatically reposted. "Indeed, Bigg, I feel sure that yours is but a very slight hurt, in comparison with what it might have been: and I do not say this to you in the half-false light in which one speaks to a child to soothe it, but as one truthful man would speak to another."

"God bless you, sir. My heart was a-failing of me sadly. Did he die, that there gentleman?"

"He died at a week's end: but there had been no hope of him from the first; and there were also certain attendant circumstances in his case, apart from the injury, remarkably unfavorable. In a short while, Bigg, you'll be on your legs again, as good a man as ever. I'll ask Dr. Davenal to come and have a look at you."

The name of the far-famed surgeon carried assurance in itself, and Bigg's face lighted up with eagerness.

"Is Dr. Davenal here, sir?"

"Yes. I'll go and look for him."

At the moment that Oswald spoke, Dr. Davenal had left Lady Oswald and encountered Mr. Cray. The latter, whose spirits were rather exalted that night, the effect probably of finding the injuries around him so slight, when he had looked out for all the terrible calamities that flesh is heir to, not to speak of death, stopped to speak to him of Lady Oswald. And he spoke lightly.

"Well? You don't find her hurt, doctor?"

"I'll tell you more about it to-morrow, Mark."

Dr. Davenal's tone was so very grave that Mark Cray stared. He thought—Mark Cray almost thought that there was a shade of reproof in it, meant for him.

"I am sure she has no serious hurt," he exclaimed.

"Well, Mark, I can say nothing positively yet. In the state she is, and in this place, it is not easy to ascertain: but *I fear she has.*"

"My goodness!" cried Mark, conscious that he was but the veriest tyro beside that man of skill, of unerring practice, Richard Davenal, and feeling very little at the moment. "What is the hurt, sir?" he asked in a loud tone.

"Hold your tongue about it!" said the doctor. "Time enough to proclaim it abroad when the fact has been ascertained that there is one."

Oswald Cray came up, having distinguished the doctor in the moonlight.

"I wish you'd come and look at a poor fellow, Dr. Davenal, who wants a word of cheering. A word of such from you, you know, sends the spirits up. You should have seen the man's face lighten when I said you were here."

"Who is it?" asked the doctor, turning off with alacrity.

"Poor Bigg, the fireman. You know him, I dare say. He is badly scalded and bruised."

"Oh, his hurts are nothing," slightly spoke Mark Cray. "He seems just one of those groaners who cry out at a touch of pain."

"Mark," said the doctor, stopping, "allow me to tender you a word of advice—do not fall into that, by some, professed to be entertained idea, that nobody can, or ought, to feel pain; or, if they feel it, that they ought not to show it. It is unnatural, untruthful; and to my mind, particularly unbecoming in a medical man. Pain to some natures is all but an impossibility to bear; it is all that can be imagined of agony: it is as if every moment of its endurance were that of death. The nervous organization is so sensitively delicate, that even a touch of pain, as you express it, which most people would scarcely feel, would certainly not cry out over, is to them the acutest agony. As a surgeon and anatomist you ought to know this."

"He's only a fireman," returned Mark. "nobody expects those rough fellows to be sensitive to pain."

"Let him be a fireman or a waterman, he will feel it as I describe, be his frame thus sensitively organized," was the reply of Dr. Davenal, spoken firmly, if not sternly. "What has a man's condition in life to do with it? It won't change his physical nature. A duke, sleeping on a bed of down, nurtured in refinement and luxury, may be so constituted that pain will be a mere flea bite to him; should he be destined to endure the worst that's known to earth, he will, so to say, hardly feel it; whereas this poor fireman, inured to hard usage, to labor and privation, may be literally almost unable to bear it. For my own part, when I have to witness this distressing sensibility to pain, perhaps have to inflict it as a surgical necessity, I suffer half as much as the patient does, for I know what it is for him. Don't affect to ridicule pain again, Mark."

Mark Cray looked vexed, annoyed. But every syllable that had fallen from Dr. Davenal's lips had found its echo in the heart of Oswald Cray. If there was one quality he admired beyond all else, it was sincere open truthfulness: and to Oswald's mind there was an affectation, a want of sincerity, in the mocking expressions, the shallow opinions, so much in fashion in the present day. There had been a hollow carelessness in Mark's tone when he ridiculed the notion of the poor stoker's possessing a sensitiveness to pain, just as if the man had no *right* to possess it.

"Well, Bigg, and so you must get tossed in this upset!" began the doctor, cheerfully.

"Oh! you'll do well, by the look of your face; we shall soon have you on the engine again. Let's get a sight of this grand damage. Who has got a lantern?"

It was a bad scald; a shocking scald: there was no question of it; and there was much injury by bruises: but Dr. Davenal spoke the simple truth when he assured the man that the hurts were not dangerous.

"Keep up your heart, Bigg. In an hour's time you will be in the infirmary, properly attended to. You'll soon get over this."

"I dun know as I can live through the pain, sir," was the wailing answer.

"Ay, it's bad. But when we have got the proper remedies on, you won't feel it as you do now. Bigg, I once scalded my leg badly—at least somebody did it *for* me—and I remember the pain to this day; so, my poor fellow, I can tell what yours is."

"Mr. Cray said, sir, I oughtent to feel no pain from a hurt like this, he did. It sounded hard like, for the pain is awful."

"Mr. Cray knows you would be better if you tried not to feel the pain, not to feel it so acutely. He is a doctor, you know, Bigg, and sees worse hurts than yours every day of his life."

"I'd like to ask you, sir, when I shall be well—if you can tell me. I have got a wife and children, sir; and she's sick just now, and can't work for 'em."

"We'll get you up again in three weeks," said Dr. Davenal, hopefully, as he hastened away to another sufferer, groaning at a distance.

The term seemed long to the man; it seemed almost to startle him: he was thinking of his helpless wife and children.

"Three weeks!" he repeated with a moan. "Three weeks, and nobody to help 'em, and me laid down incapable!"

"Think how much worse it might be, Bigg!" said Mr. Oswald Cray, wishing to get the man to look at his misfortune in a more cheerful spirit. "Suppose Dr. Davenal had said three months?"

"Then, as good he'd said, sir, I should never be up again."

"Do you think so? I don't. It is a long while to be confined by illness, three months, and to you it seems, no doubt, very long indeed; but it is not so much out of a man's life. I knew one who was ill for three years, and got up again. That would be worse, Bigg."

"Ay, sir, it would be. I haven't got just my right thoughts to-night, what with the pain that's racking me, and what with trouble about my wife and little 'uns."

"Don't *trouble* about them, Bigg," was the considerate answer. "They shall be taken care of until you can work for them again. If the company don't do it, I will."

A short while longer of confusion, of hasty clearance of the line, of soothing medical aid,—such aid as could be given in that inconvenient spot, where there was only the open bare ground for the sufferers to lie on, the moonlit sky to cover them,—and the return to Hallingham was organized. The injured were lifted into the carriages and placed as well as circumstances permitted. Lady Oswald, who shrieked out much when they raised her, was laid at full length on a pile of rugs collected from the first-class compartments, and the engine started with its load, and steamed gently onwards.

It appeared afterwards that the accident had been caused by the snapping of some part of the machinery of the engine. It was a very unusual occurrence, and could neither have been foreseen nor prevented.

The expectant crowd had not dispersed when Hallingham was reached. Rich and poor, men and women, were alike gathered at the station. Even Miss Bettina Davenal retained her post, and Sara and Caroline were with her.

The invalid train—it might surely be called one in a double sense—came slowly into the station. The platform had been cleared; none were allowed upon it, to obstruct the removal of the sufferers from the train to the conveyances that waited, in which they would be transported to their homes, or to the infirmary, as the case might be. But, if the platform was denied them, the excited watchers made up for the discourtesy by blocking up the road and doors outside; a motley group, picturesque enough in the fine moonlight night.

Dr. Davenal, Mr. Cray, and the other medical men were occupied superintending the removal of their patients, but Mr. Oswald Cray found his way to Miss Davenal, and gave them the good news that the injuries were comparatively slight. A train for London was on the point of starting, and he was going by it. He contrived to obtain a few words with Sara. There was no difficulty in passing to the platform now.

"I wish I could have remained over to-morrow," he observed to her. "I should like to see and hear how all these poor people get on."

"Are you sure you cannot remain?"

"I am sure that I ought not. You have heard me speak of Frank Allister, Sara?"

"Often. The young Scotchman who was with you at Bracknell and Street's for so many years."

"We were articled together. He has become very ill lately, and—and the firm has not behaved quite well to him. I have no voice in that part of its economy, or it should never have been."

"What did they do?" inquired Sara.

"He has not got on as I have. Still he held a tolerably fair post in the house; but his health failed, and he had to absent himself. Mr. Street found out how ill he was, came to the conclusion that he'd be of no use to us again, and wrote him his dismissal. I thought it very hard; and he—he—"

"Yes?" said Sara, eagerly interested.

"He found it harder than he could bear. It put the finishing stroke to his illness, and I don't think he will rally. He has no relatives near, few friends, so I see him all I can, and I gave him a faithful promise to spend to-morrow with him. Time's up, and the guard's impatient, I see."

"Does the guard know you are going?"

"Yes. Don't you see him looking round for me? Fare you well, Sara. I may be down again in a day or two."

He had taken her hands for a moment in both his as he stood before her.

"I trust you will get safe to town!" she whispered.

"Ay, indeed! This night has proved to us that safety lies not with ourselves. God bless you, my dearest!"

He crossed the platform and stepped into the carriage which the guard was holding open. The next moment the train was steaming out of the station, and Sara Davenal looking after it with a lingering look, a heart at rest, as that sweet word of endearment rang its echoes on her ear.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ Many men's praying and swearing are pretty much the same; when they pray they think of no good, and when they swear they think of no harm.

☞ Mrs. Partington says that Ike, who has just returned from France, "speaks like a Parishioner."

☞ Brigadier-General Seymour, of the Department of the South, states, in a private letter, that "Greek fire is only one of the numerous humbugs of the day, and that not a shell containing it has been known to enter Charleston. On the contrary, it has been a complete failure, from the premature explosion caused by its use."

☞ A correspondent of the Chicago Times says that one of the ordinary fine wire gauze masks, such as are frequently worn at masquerades, put over the face, is a sure protection against the cold. The rider says he tested one, in a ride of three miles against the wind, with the thermometer sixteen degrees below zero, and therefore he knows whereof he affirms.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, FEB'ARY 13, 1864.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications.

Our Sewing-Machine Premium.

In answer to various letters, we would repeat that as to our clubs generally, they can be made up of either periodical, or of both, as suits the members. And, if the getter up of a club for THE POST prefers the Magazine as a Premium, he can have it; while THE POST will be sent as a Premium for the Magazine clubs, if desired.

The Sewing-Machine Premium, it will be seen, applies to both periodicals; *as well as to mixed clubs made up of the magazine and the paper.* This is a splendid premium, and we are glad to see that numbers design availing themselves of it. These machines cannot be bought for less than the price we mention, FORTY-FIVE DOLLARS!

FAT REBELS.

The rebel editors, even while their boots cost them $235 a pair, and a barrel of flour is worth a small fortune, still are able to joke and laugh. Thus the *Richmond Whig* of the 27th gets off the following encouragement for fat men:—

Many of the fattest and bravest men in the Confederacy are afraid to go into the army lest they should be unwieldy or incapable of rendering service. This is a mistake. Some exceedingly fat men are now in the service. Gen. Humphrey Marshall served for two years But to set the matter at rest, we need only cite the example of Crispin Vitelli, one of the ablest generals who accompanied Ava to the Netherlands. Strada says of him, "He was equally distinguished for his courage, his cruelty and his corpulence. The last characteristic was so remarkable that he was almost monstrous in his personal appearance. His protuberant stomach was always supported in a bandage suspended from his neck; yet, in spite of this enormous impediment, he was personally active on the battle-field, and performed more service, not only as commander but as subaltern, than many a younger and lighter man." Be of good cheer, therefore, fat men; procure your bandages, and go in.

Another Richmond editor recommends the fat men to get up an omnibus brigade, and go to battle in iron-clad omnibuses.

It would seem from these anecdotes that fat men are not extinct in the Confederacy, notwithstanding the high price of provisions. One would think that a man would be ashamed to be fat now-a-days in the South—and afraid, too, lest the famishing rebel soldiery should kidnap him some night, and nothing be left the next morning of their "highly valued" fellow citizen but a parcel of bones and a smell of grease.

AUSTRIAN EDITORS.

It has been decided by an Austrian Court, that an editor must have a sound bodily organization—for, if he has not, he may have a good plea against going to prison, when it is necessary thus to atone for a too liberal use of his pen in treating of political matters. The editor of a Czechian paper having lately pleaded that an organic disease would be seriously increased by imprisonment, the Court decided that he could not be recognized as a responsible editor any longer. We suppose, of course, that he will have to abandon his profession.

They have peculiar ideas about a good many things in Austria. A man never thinks of talking politics even in private life—it being an infallible receipt for getting into prison. And yet the Austrians are said to be a very intelligent and manly people. But to them probably some day Byron's couplet will apply—

"I've seen the people, those o'erburdened asses,
Kick off their burdens—meaning the higher classes."

A FRENCH STORY.

A French letter-writer enlightens the readers of the *Paris Patrie* with the following stuff about the gathering of ice for the New Yorkers from Rockland Lake:

"The population of Rockland Lake is almost exclusively devoted to the gathering of ice. It practices this trade in a region situated 150 metres (sic) above the level of the sea; that is where winter reigns—a temperature the most rigorous perhaps in the world. The population of this part of North America, though made up of men of all countries, is not recruited as easily as one might suppose. At such an altitude one does not expose one's self with impunity to such rigorous cold, and, above all, to such rarefaction of atmosphere. Consequently the ice-fishers—such is the name they commonly give themselves—remind one, by their stunted appearance, of the Laplanders. The race of these men, devoted to a deadly profession, is constantly wasting away. But as they earn large wages, they lead a life of perils that is not without its charms, and for which they have come to have a passionate love; they prefer the summit of Rockland Lake and its eternal ice to the life of towns. They are satisfied with drinking gin at discretion, and the possession of a savage comfort adapted to their gross tastes."

Rockland Lake is about thirty miles from the city of New York, and is four or five miles in circumference. It is in the highlands—but all the talk about the "most rigorous temperature in the world," great "altitude," "eternal ice," "deadly profession," and "stunted population," is of course mere bosh.

We make this explanation for the benefit of our foreign readers—our American ones do not need it.

THE LONDON TIMES.

A correspondent of the *London Daily News* sends that paper the two following extracts from the columns of the *London Times*:—

"It is only doing M. Thiers justice to say that the present politics of the French nation have been formed entirely on the 'History of the Consulate and the Empire;' probably the most immoral, the most anti-social, and the least serious work that ever issued from the hand of a great historian."—*London Times, March* 15, 1861.

"During these twelve years M. Thiers . . . has undertaken, and brought to a conclusion, a gigantic enterprise—the 'History of the Consulate and the Empire'—a noble contribution to the literature of France, and an imperishable monument to his own genius."—*London Times, Dec.* 29, 1863.

In a few years the *Times* will find it necessary to eat its own words relative to the American rebellion, and will no doubt do it as serenely and thoroughly as in the case of M. Thiers. A great paper should have a great digestion—and the *Times* is the very ostrich of the press.

☞ We are indebted to the Hon. Leonard Myers of the House of Representatives for a copy of the speech of Mr. Davis, of Md., on the Confiscation Bill.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

POEMS, BY HENRY PETERSON. Published by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia. This is a volume of which we probably know the good points and the bad ones about as well as any "able critic;" and yet we are debarred from noticing it at length, by the prevalence of a very general and just impression that it is quite sufficient to write a book, without being at the additional trouble of reviewing it. Our readers will find, however, in our advertising columns, a few notices taken from our contemporaries, whose kindly feelings towards the author may perhaps have colored their judgments somewhat. And we may be allowed to add here the testimony of the *Pittsburg Gazette*, that "in its mechanical department, the book is all that the most fastidious reader could desire"—and also give the following table of contents:—

Lyon.	Stanzas.
Awake, my Soul!	To Isadora.
Abra's Vision.	To Isadora.
Cavalry Song.	The Old Poets.
My Little Daughter.	Lines.
Hope and Pray.	Thirst Not for Iowa.
After the Battle.	Patience.
Fall Gentle, Gentle Rain.	To ——.
Song.	To Mary.
The Golden Spring.	Lines.
Song.	To C. M. C.
The Vision.	To Laura.
Words.	The Wandering Jew.
When Men Forsake, &c.	Sonnet.
Cora.	The Power of Beauty.
The Young Farmer's Song.	The Exile's Address to America.
The Soldier's Story.	Isabel.
Song for the Times.	Life.
The Coming Age.	Will's Rock.
Only a Woman's Hair.	Laurel Hill.
Life's Changes.	Memory.
To Abraham Lincoln.	After a Lecture.
	The Rivals, a Poem in three parts.

[The volume will be forwarded by mail (postage paid) by the publishers of THE SAT. EVE. POST, upon the receipt of the regular price $1.25.]

THE PERFECT GENTLEMAN; OR, ETIQUETTE AND ELOQUENCE. A book of Information and Instruction for those who desire to become brilliant or conspicuous in General Society, or at Parties, Dinners, or Popular Gatherings, containing Model Speeches for all occasions, with directions how to deliver them. Five Hundred Toasts and Sentiments for everybody, and their proper mode of introduction. How to use Wine at Table, with Rules for judging the quality of Wine, and Rules for Carving. Etiquette; or, Proper Behavior in Company, with an American Code of Politeness for every occasion, and Etiquette at Washington; Remarkable Wit and Conversation at Table, etc., to which are added the Duties of Chairmen of Public Meetings, and Rules for the orderly conduct thereof, together with valuable Hints and Examples for drawing up Preambles and Resolutions. By a Gentleman. New York, Dick & Fitzgerald. For sale by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia.

MAN, THE BEHOLDER!

When we are cold, the stars are cold;
When we are warm, the stars are bold:
When we are cloudy, the stars withhold
From us their speech, and smile, and light.

All things are mighty, all things are mean:
All things are black, or blue, or green,
Or yellow, as we ourselves may seem:
We are the day—we are the night.

—*Scots-Celt.*

☞ There is no truth in the report that the report of the Heenan and King fight was written by the author of "Tom Brown's School Days."

☞ The heart is a small thing, not sufficient for a kite's dinner; yet the whole world is not sufficient for it.

☞ Up to the middle of last May our armies had lost only 55 per 1,000 a year of the whole forces. The English army suffered in the Peninsula campaign an annual loss of 265 per 1,000, and during three months in the Crimea 511 out of 1,000 perished, mostly by disease.

ANNA E. DICKINSON.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Mr. Editor:—How many of your readers have heard of this youthful wonder of our day? How many would like to see and hear her? It was our privilege on the evening of January 27th. The finest Assembly room in Philadelphia, the Academy of Music, was filled to the farthest limit of its ample and gorgeous recesses with the selectest of Philadelphia audiences. At the appointed time the young orator appeared and took her seat in the centre of the crowded platform, and we occupied the leisure afforded by some introductory remarks of a gentleman attendant, to take a survey of her appearance. A face full of character; black abundant hair, parted Madonna wise, but short enough to need no confinement; left free and clustering in hyacinthine curls around the base of a finely moulded head; a pair of eloquent eyes; a large, generous, mobile mouth, expressive by turns of love and pity and scorn—the whole cast of her face nobly firm yet plastic to every varying mental impression; dress in perfect taste, inasmuch as it was wholly unobtrusive, simply elegant as befitted her position and surroundings—such was her appearance.

But the marvel of marvels was her strength. It was the most remarkable feature of all the evening's triumph. This girl of nineteen, addressed a crowded house for an hour and a quarter of steady effort, and sat down amid a storm of applause, at the close of a thrilling peroration, without one sign of exhaustion—on the contrary radiating power from face and form just as when she arose. In achieving a success as splendid as any orator could covet, she did not spend herself; it was manifestly but one exertion of an indefinite series yet possible to her. Not a symptom throughout of succumbing to the occasion, as a less royal nature would. Through all the phases of eloquence—the quiet exordium, the brilliant illustration, sweeping the wide fields of history with the eagle eye and sovereign hand of genius, the clear, conclusive argument, the scathing sarcasm, the heart-warm womanly appeal that made you catch your breath with emotion, through all this she passed with victorious self-sustainment, master of her position to the end.

On the other hand, how reverentially and tenderly she spoke of the disabled soldiers whom she had addressed at Chicago! the tears that blinded, tumultuous feelings that choked her as she looked upon that company of martyrs who had given all the good of life that their country might enjoy it—the sightless eyes, the crippled limbs, the "faces made beautiful forever by a ghastly scar." How impassioned her appeal to the young manhood of America—the one hope of the nation? The story of Curtius, of the gulf that yawned in the midst of Rome, only to be closed by the most precious offering the state possessed, this oft told story, applied to the crisis on whose brink we stand, was impressive as if heard for the first time. Genius makes all things new. In an incident of the war, one of those newspaper incidents which we see too closely in this day to see truly—too closely to take in the full grandeur of their heroism, occurred an allusion to "the dear old flag!" and the speaker indicated it with a princely wave of her lifted arm that called up the vision of the inspired shepherdess of Domremi, in the front rank of the fight for her country's imperilled life, raising aloft in her girlish hand and bearing on to victory the sacred lilies of France. Such a place in our struggle for nationality is Anna Dickinson taking; not with the weapons of material warfare wielded by Joan of Arc, to the shame of her recreant countrymen, but with her true heart's sympathy, her great soul's energy, that go with the brave soldier into the thickest of the fight so wholly and so ardently that if America's defenders had need of such cheer, her slender arm might be found there too.

Yet she is of strictest Quaker lineage, nourished from her earliest youth upon those testimonies which embody the best life of that spiritual people—"Friends" of God's truth, especially when world-despised; "Friends" of God's poor in their extremest need; "Friends" of earth's highest dignitaries as well, meeting them upon terms of majestic equality as spirits meet, speaking to them in simplicity as recipients and mouthpieces of the supreme wisdom, words of weight and of power. To our view her character results naturally from her antecedents. The settled principle of her people, that of ignoring self and giving God the glory, not kept for Sundays as too good for use, but acted out, with persistent fidelity amidst daily temptations, became through generations of righteous lives a second nature, a fund of reserved strength, accumulating as the virtues of the fathers descended to the children, and in the fullness of time blossoming out with unspeakable celestial beauty. How many silent "conquerors through Him that loved us," gave in their mite to swell this treasury of spiritual riches, the recording angel knows. Its manifestation, extraordinary as it seems to us, is doubtless as natural as the unfolding of a flower. Through a long pure line of Quaker ancestry the happy heritage that fits her for exalted uses descends to Anna Dickinson—a slight young girl, but yesterday the schoolmate of some of her hearers, now freshly but fully awakened to her appointed work. That work no man can gainsay. Her right to do it is proved by her power. In all ages men have bowed unquestioningly to the fact. The Sybil and the Pythoness of Greek religion, the Prophetess of the old Dispensation, the saintly follower of the Incarnate Christ, dying exultingly for the life of his church on earth, these are kindred to the woman we saw and heard that evening. On the page of history, far off in the future, when true artistic history can be constructed, her advent in the city of Penn, her significant lineage, and her mission for humanity, will shine out with starry purity and beauty, chiming in spheral harmony with the orderings of Providence toward our people, as they slowly and painfully but surely, work out the most glorious of destinies for themselves and for the world.

A Lady.

SKATING IN PARIS.

It is impossible to imagine a more animated scene than that presented every afternoon in the Bois de Boulogne. The intense cold of last week has given way to a partial thaw, but as it freezes every night, and the ice in the various lakes of the Bois has remained for the greatest part entire, the whole population of the capital seems to have taken to skating, sliding, or sledging, as if it were its national amusement. The sun shines so brightly and the air, though keen, is so enjoyable, that the weather determined to favor this novel source of enjoyment.

The Imperial party go on one or other of the ponds every day, the Empress being generally taken in hand by some experienced skating lady or gentleman, and being still a very timid and diffident skater. Mme. de Morny was yesterday to be seen with bright scarlet stockings, Polish boots with red heels, short velvet pelisse trimmed with fur and black cap to match, encouraging her Majesty by hand and example to a bolder dash than ordinary. The Empress wore not a Polonaise, as I said in my last letter, but a black velvet dress raised up all round, and leaving the boots and ankles exposed. A great many fancy costumes have been exhibited on the ice the last few days, some pretty, and others very *outre*, but the whole *coup d'œil* was exceedingly brilliant and exhilarating. Meanwhile the ice-companies and carts are laying in a store for next summer, when that article ought to be sold for a trifle in Paris: and the ice-houses of the Bois de Boulogne alone, which belong to the city, are said to be nearly full; the average they can hold being calculated at 2,000,000 pounds, which, allowing for waste, leaves 1,000,000 pounds to be disposed of.

Skating in England.—In this frosty weather the Fellows of the Royal Horticultural Society are making good use of their ponds and canals, which are only about two feet deep. Ladies have there the opportunity of practising skating, secure from the roughness incidental to contact with all comers, which is unavoidable in all public places; and we understand that the council either have already appointed, or are about to appoint, an instructress in skating, to attend upon those ladies who desire to acquire this healthful accomplishment. The society's rules of admission to the gardens at South Kensington have been so far relaxed as to allow Fellows during the continuance of the frost to admit their friends either personally or by written orders, on payment of 1s. for each person. There were, however, ladies skating upon most of the public waters at Hampstead. A little girl about 11 years of age skated in a manner that astonished the lookers-on. After cutting out her name upon the ice, she led several couples over the frozen surface. At the Royal Round Pond, Kensington Gardens, among 2,000 skaters were six ladies who went through various feats of fancy skating. Their performances elicited loud applause from the spectators on the bank. Similar scenes are taking place all over the country; and skating promises to become as general among ladies as it is with gentlemen.—*London Paper.*

☞ During a recent performance at a French theatre, a man and his wife had to quarrel on the stage, the woman in a rage of jealousy, the man trying to persuade her that she was too passionate and too suspicious. Both were acting with great spirit, when the wife moved her arm too near a candle, and her muslin dress was in flames in an instant. Both actors kept their heads, however; the husband extinguished the fire, and, proceeding with his part, interpolated, "You see, my dear, I was right; you are ready to flare up—*vous enflammer*—for the least thing."

☞ In Paris, not long since, an artist painted a portrait of Mr. J———, who was noted for his frequent libations. The artist invited the gentleman's friends to see it, and they inspected it and pronounced it excellent. One of them, who was rather near-sighted, complained of the light, and approached it to change its position, when the artist exclaimed, "Don't touch it; it isn't *dry!*" "No use looking at it then," replied the gentleman; "it can't be my friend J——— if it isn't dry."

☞ There is a salt well at Lansing, Michigan, which, at the depth of fourteen hundred feet, yields eighty per cent. of brine.

A MINNESOTA SLEIGH RIDE.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Here we are at Mankato, 80 miles from home, safe and well. After several days of preparation for our formidable journey, we left on the 23d of December, at 6 o'clock. Our sleigh was made of the wagon body (with a cover) on two "fob sleds," the usual way of travelling in winter here, except the cover, which is not common. Although the wagon bed is large, it was small to hold the innumerable blankets, robes, furs, carpet-bags, trunks, hot-water "foot cans," hot bricks, &c., &c. Our two spirited black horses Ben and Jim had enough to do, for the sleighing was not good at our start. We were all dressed for zero, but the thermometer was 28 above. I had to take off my buffalo overcoat often to cool. But it is hard to dress children too warm for winter riding, and we had to keep tucking them in continually, for they would wiggle and get a foot or a hand exposed. Arriving at Shakopee, a pretty large town on the Minnesota river, we got dinner for ourselves and horses. Sleighing still bad, snow scarce. At 11 o'clock that evening got to Bell Plain, where we had a truly hospitable reception at Hooper's Hotel. This hotel is as large as any in Wilmington, if not larger, and is always full. The stable had near 50 horses in it, but there was room for our two. Supper of coffee, tea, biscuit, butter, broiled chicken, cold turkey, jam and jelly, pound cake, &c., &c. Our rooms had comfortable fires, clean white sheets, and hair mattresses.

I am surprised all the time at the way everybody keeps moving. Winter is the time for leisure and enjoyment. Instead of sitting by the fire and shuddering at the idea of going out, everybody goes to see everybody; if not with horses and sleigh, with oxen and sled. Mrs. Hooper said she had got supper for five companies before we arrived. Adjoining our supper-room was the large dining-room, from which issued the intoxicating airs of two or three violins, and the hum of conversation, and laughter and dancing. Early in the morning we were off, and although it snowed all morning the sleighing was not good all day. Dinner at Le Seur. Another afternoon and evening's ride brought us, all right, about midnight, to our present quarters. Our friends had given us out and gone to bed, but were soon aroused, and we sat down to a hot oyster supper. Ten minutes after we got here, Christmas came in, and it was one o'clock when we got up from supper. At dinner the next day Judge ——— and his charming daughter were among the guests. All through the West, particularly in Minnesota, are found families of education and refinement, whose history is alike. They emigrated, with but few exceptions, for the purpose of recruiting their fortunes or their health. With a small income one can live here with greater physical comfort, and maintain his standing in society; in the East he would live in poverty on the same money, and could not move in congenial society.

Mankato is on the Minnesota river, and steamboating is generally good all spring and summer, but last summer was an exception; the drought stopped the boats early. The people are energetically laying out railroads. It will not be long before this place is connected with the East by iron rail.

During our visit the great storm came on; thermometer kept falling below zero, 22, 28, 35, the wind blowing a hurricane, the air so filled with minute particles of snow that we could not see 50 yards in any direction. Of course we did not think of going, but endeavored to keep comfortable in doors. When we did start, a few days after, what a bundling up there was! By dint of great exertion we got off by 12 o'clock, thermometer 23 in the sun (below zero). The road was so filled with drifts as to be invisible. Our host piloted us for 6 or 7 miles until we were sure of the right way. He walked ahead of the sleigh, directing which way to go, once in a while getting in to ride. Icicles hung from his moustache and beard as from the eaves of a house, for the air was keen, and froze the breath the instant it left the mouth.

We reached home without a frostbite; indeed without any discomfort worth speaking of. The children have thrived on the visit. It was wonderful, considering how young was the youngest of our party, and that the oldest was 87. We were so well wrapped up that it was remarked by the people wherever we stopped. The weather still continues cold, ranging from 5 to 15 below zero. The neighbors say they do not remember so cold a spell before. In some places, 42 below zero was reported. At Garden City, where we stopped for dinner, they said it had been 35 below zero the day before, which was New Year's day, and the coldest day everywhere. We rode comfortably in our sleigh while it was from 10 to 20 below zero. I would not have believed it, but we really did get through comfortably. I have been colder many a time during our short country rides around Wilmington, Delaware.

☞ One of our contemporaries, in an obituary of a young lady who lately died, closed by saying: "She had an amiable temper, and was uncommonly fond of ice-cream and other delicacies."

ANNUAL STATISTICS OF A NEWS REPORTER.

The local reporters have their jests and fun as well as other people, and here is a sample record from the "local" of the Memphis Bulletin. As the various insurance companies, savings banks, state officials and missionary societies are making their annual reports and publishing long columns of figures which are of the most intense interest to the reading public generally, the Memphis local reporter gives his for the year 1863:

Report.	*Times.*
Been asked to drink	11,301
Drank	11,282
Requested to retract	416
Didn't retract	416
Invited to parties, receptions, presentations, &c., &c., by people fishing for puffs	5,325
Took the hint	25
Didn't take the hint	5,300
Threatened to be whipped	174
Been whipped	0
Whipped the other fellow	4
Didn't come to time	170
Been promised bottles of champagne, whiskey, gin, butters, boxes of cigars, &c., if we would go after them	2,658
Been after them	0
Going again	0
Been asked "What's the news?"	200,000
Told	13
Didn't know	200,000
Lied about it	99,987
Been to church	2
Changed politics	33
Expect to change still	33
Cash on hand	$0 00
Gave for charity	$0 25
Gave for terrier dog	$1 25
Sworn off bad habits	722
Shall swear off this year	721
Number of bad habits	0

FEEDING THE SICK.

There is one item in connection with the sick which is of untold value; more, and better, and purer nutriment is obtained by a sick man's stomach from a smaller amount of food than from a larger; from one ounce, than a dozen. Ten single ounce may be thoroughly digested, hence all the blood it makes is perfectly pure, is full of strength and life; while the pound, being more than the stomach can take care of, is imperfectly digested and must make an imperfect blood material; hence can impart no radical, enduring strength. But this is not all; this imperfect blood is mixed as soon as made with the whole blood of the body, and to that extent renders the entire mass impure. In all ordinary ailments and accidents, secure quiet of body, composure of mind, pure air, pure water, and simple food at regular intervals, being a little hungry all the time. —*Hall's Journal of Health.*

Too Literal Chinese and Frenchmen. Everybody has heard the story of the Philadelphia merchant, who, desiring to surprise his family with a unique Christmas present, sent patterns to Canton for a costly set of China ware, with orders that the design should be exactly followed. Now, prominent in this notable design was the initial letter of the family, A, which was intended to be in the centre of each plate and saucer; but the painter having chanced to get it on one side, the direction, "This in the middle," was written as a matter of precaution across the letter. The laugh came in when the set came home, with a fac simile of the direction inscribed by the little Chinese artist on every plate and saucer, and the initial to a hair, where the designer had misplaced it. Apropos to a moustache coffee cup, among his Christmas presents, Grant tells a story of obtuse literal understanding on the part of a race not usually counted slow of wit, which fairly beats the oriental. The moustache cup, it should be premised, is the common presentation coffee cup, only that one half the top is covered with a fixed lid on which the moustache rests while the wearer sips his beverage through a small aperture, without getting it flavored with Rowland's macassar or Bogle's hyperion. It was the invention of a French importing house in New York, who sent orders for a large invoice with the ordinary presentation inscriptions, to their manufactory in France, and were astonished into an indefinite explosion of "sacres!" and "mon dieus!" when, among the rest, came back 500 inscribed "to my wife" to match an equal number for my husband. What charming tokens of conjugal affection!—*Exchange.*

☞ A Curious Tree.—In the forests of Brazil is found a tree called vegetable mercury, because it yields a yellow milk, possessing extraordinary medicinal properties, and said to be efficacious in all cases where mercury is usually prescribed—particularly in rheumatic affections, when taken internally. Like those homœopathic medicines which are given in small quantities for the cure of those complaints which they will, if taken in large doses, produce, the *mercurial vegetable* is said to give most terrible pains in the limbs soon after it is taken; but when they vanish, the original complaint, the rheumatism, also departs."

☞ Every street in Paris is swept and washed down each morning. Plenty of work is involved in that, for all litter of the day goes into the street at night—being not kept festering in dust-bins. But, after the cleansing, not a stalk, a shell, or a straw, will offend the sight, for the remainder of the day.

☞ Ezra Cornell, of Ithaca, N. Y., had an idea that women could do more with their needles if they did less with their tongues, and he promised $50 to the Soldiers' Aid Society of the village if twelve women could be found who would sew all day without speaking. Fifteen candidates presented themselves, and, *mirabile dictu*, fourteen of them succeeded in keeping quiet. They were sorely tempted by various lookers-on, but only one yielded. Heroic fourteen!

BATHING IN RUSSIA.

Four wooden huts were pointed out on the opposite side of the river, about two hundred yards up its bank, distinguishable from the other houses of the village principally by the marks of smoke over the entrance doors. Three of these huts were used by the men, and the other by the women. In them they lie down on a sort of wooden platform, close to, and some part of it over, a large oven, which is made nearly red hot, and upon and into which pails of cold water are from time to time thrown. The steam is thus got up to a pretty considerable extent, and the heat of course becomes very great. I subsequently tried one of these affairs, but found it impossible to remain much more than a minute. The peasants, however, endure the process for some twelve or fifteen minutes, striking themselves all the time with small branches of trees or shrubs, and rubbing, or rather scrubbing, their bodies with what they call machalka. This is made from the inner bark of the birch-tree, cut up and shredded, and looking not unlike so much string; not that it feels like it, however, for its firmer quality gives it a scratching power, which effectually cleans the skin, and makes it tingle again. Having used this for a time, they pass their hands over their limbs, peeling away, as it was described to me, the outer skin, by which I suppose is meant the accumulated impurities. After they had been in these huts some twenty minutes, we saw the men, and women, too, running from them down the bank to the river, into which they threw themselves, remaining in the water about three minutes. They were all evidently of opinion that "beauty needs not the foreign aid of ornament," for they turned out in Nature's own buff—it was a pretty deep red, caused by the severity of the steaming process on their skins. I was told that in the winter, when the rivers are frozen, some of the men throw themselves into the snow; but, from the questions we asked of some of the peasants, I have reason to believe that very few among them do this, and that, as a practice, it does not exist. One man we spoke to shook his head, and said that he had done it once in his life—clearly meaning us to understand that he would not do it again, if he knew it. The peasantry and humbler classes use this bath every Saturday, and occasionally on *fete* days. Considering that their ablutions on the other days of the week may almost be represented by the word *nil*, and that on going to bed they only take off their boots or shoes, it would seem not unreasonable to suppose that they might require these occasional strong measures.—*Mr. H. Moor.*

MR. HOME NOT AT HOME.

Mr. Home, the medium, is at Rome, and was summoned before the Papal police for practising magical arts, on the 3d of January, and went, accompanied by a friend, to the room of the Advocate Pasqualoni, where he was asked, "After you became a Catholic did you exercise your power as a medium?" To which Mr. Home replied, "Neither before nor after did I exercise my power as a medium, inasmuch as it is not a power dependent on my will; I could not use it." Signor Pasqualoni himself, was gratified, it is said, by hearing the raps and seeing the table move during Mr. Home's interview with him. Mr. Home was ordered to leave Rome in three days. On the following day, Mr. Severn, the British Consul, negotiated for him a somewhat precarious bargain with the Papal government. Mr. Home was permitted to stay "on condition of his entering into an engagement, through Mr. Severn, to desist from all communication with the spiritual world during his stay in Rome." Considering the absolutely involuntary nature of Mr. Home's connection with that world, as just explained to the Papal police, Mr. Home's act in signing this agreement must have seemed to them somewhat rash. The spirits of the billions of departed spirits can scarcely have all signed the agreement, too, and if any of them come unsolicited, the Roman police will scarcely take cognizance of the question which of the parties re-opened the intercourse. Indeed, according to his own theory, you might almost as well enter into an engagement to open, during three months, no communication with your own conscience. But to him, that may be no difficult matter, after all.

A Mammoth Grasshopper.—A Frenchman while translating an American book, came to a sentence which related that a soldier tied his horse to a locust (tree) standing in front of a house. Looking at the dictionary he found the word locust to be in French, "*lanternelle*," meaning "grasshopper." He therefore used the word *lanternelle* in his translation, thus conveying the idea to his readers that in this country grasshoppers were large enough to admit of a horse being fastened to them, and that one was at the time conveniently standing by the door.

☞ An Ohio colonel tells a curious story. A soldier of his regiment, who in consequence of a fever had lost his voice and had not been able to speak for months, seized the colors from the hands of the fallen color bearer in the attack of Missionary Ridge, and shouted aloud "Come on, boys!" From that moment he has been able to talk as usual.

☞ The King of Greece has written to congratulate his father on his accession to the Danish throne. The letter commences with the usual formula among crowned heads, "Monsieur Mon Frere." *Sir, or Mister, My Brother.*

LATEST NEWS.

Information has reached here that on Saturday morning Feb. 6th, a reconnoissance in force started from the Army of the Potomac, and that considerable cannonading took place at Morton's ford, on the Rapidan, during the day. At five in the afternoon musketry was heard, which continued till dark.

A dispatch from Powell's River Bridge announces that Colonel Love, in command of the Union forces, near Cumberland Gap, has recently had several skirmishes with the rebels under Gen. Jones. The result of the fighting was an unsuccessful attempt to take Cumberland Gap.

Information from Chattanooga, received at Washington, is to the effect that the rebel army is at Rome, Georgia, and that there is no alarm at Chattanooga about the safety of our troops near Knoxville.

Through rebel papers we have advices from Charleston to the 5th inst. The firing on Sumter is continued, and on the 4th eighty shots were thrown into the city. Dispatches from the west state that the rebels occupy Corinth and Jackson, and a lively fight occurred at the Big Black river on the 3d. A Union force had crossed the Tennessee river, near Germansville, and it is thought that the object of the raid is the destruction of the iron works in Cherokee county.

How to Save Your Coal.—Now that coal has reached a price which is almost unprecedented, and that the dealers propose to raise it, if possible, during the present winter, there are thousands of families where the members will thank us heartily for the following directions, which, if followed, will give them a good fire during the whole winter, on a quantity of coal so small that it will cause some to marvel greatly. The directions are as follows:

The ashes or cinders are not to be thrown away, but dampened to a kind of mortar, and again placed on the fire. They burn readily, and by so doing there is the economy of having a hot fire with one-tenth of the fuel, besides not being troubled to convey the ashes to a receptacle. We do not know of a stove that cannot make ashes enough to supply itself, only a few nuggets of coal being used. First make a fire in the usual way, and when it begins to burn freely, place a lump of coal (the best) near the stove door or front of the grate; then heap on the wet ashes or cinders, and pack them down, the vent below being unobstructed. The process is simple, and a few trials will satisfy the unbelievers. Dust coal may be used in the same way, and we are assured that many cellars have mines of wealth in the refuse of former years. While coal is so scarce and so costly, should not economy prompt a trial of a plan pointed out, which is attended with so little trouble and a sparing of labor?

☞ A "Sell."—Many of the members of the Society of Arts, at New York, attended to see a new invention, a carriage to run without horses, with only one wheel. While in the ardor of expectation they were shown—a wheelbarrow.

☞ A poetical feminine, who found the cords of Hymen not so silky as she expected, gives vent to feelings in the following regretful stanzas. The penultimate line is peculiarly comprehensive and expansive:—

When I was young I used to earn
My living without trouble,
Had clothes and pocket money, too,
And hours of pleasure double.

I never dreamed of such a fate,
When I a-lass was courted—
Wife, mother, nurse, seamstress, cook, housekeeper, chambermaid, laundress, dairy-woman, and scrub generally, doing the work of six,
For the sake of being supported.

☞ A young man recently presented himself for examination as Assistant Engineer in the navy. Among other questions the following was asked him: "Suppose you had built an engine yourself, performed every part of the work without assistance, and knew that it was in complete order, but when put into a vessel the pump would not draw water, what would you do?" The young man promptly replied: "I should go to the side of the vessel and ascertain if there was any water in the river."

☞ The laws of France punish with a fine of five hundred francs any person who incloses a bank note in a common letter, on the ground that thereby the post office carriers are exposed to undue temptation. Two or three instances of this have lately occurred, and the fine was not remitted. It is true the sinners were bankers.

☞ Mink skins, now worth $4 to $7 each, were formerly heavy in the market at a quarter apiece. Fashion has adopted the mink, which makes all the difference. His fur is no glossier and no warmer than ever.

☞ A young gentleman was fondling his betrothed's hand. "I hope it is not counterfeit," he said. "The best way to test it is to *ring it*," was her reply.

☞ If a man talks insolently to you under the plea of candor, you may knock him down under a plea of an infirmity of temper.

☞ Somebody says that "snoring is the spontaneous escape of those malignant feelings which the sleeper has not time to vent when awake."

☞ The first white person born in Ohio is still living—Johanna Maria Heckewelder. She is the daughter of a Moravian Missionary; is eighty-three years of age, and resides at Bethlehem, in this state.

THE LIFE THAT IS.

BY BRYANT.

Thou, who so long hast pressed the couch of pain,
Oh welcome, welcome back to life's free breath—
To life's free breath and day's sweet light again,
From the chill shadows of the gate of death.

For thou hadst reached the twilight bound between
The world of spirits and this grosser sphere;
Dimly by thee the things of earth were seen,
And faintly fell earth's voices on thine ear.

And now, how gladly we behold, at last,
The wonted smile returning to thy brow;
The very wind's low whisper, breathing past,
In the light leaves, is music to thee now.

Thou wert not weary of thy lot; the earth
Was ever good and pleasant in thy sight;
Still clung thy loves about the household hearth,
And sweet was every day's returning light.

Then welcome back to all thou would'st not leave,
To this grand march of seasons, days and hours;
The glory of the morn, the glow of eve,
The beauty of the streams, and stars, and flowers;

To eyes on which thine own delight to rest;
To voices which it is thy joy to hear;
To the kind toils that ever pleased thee best,
The willing tasks of love, that made life dear.

Welcome to grasp of friendly hands; to prayers
Offered where crowds in reverent worship come,
Or softly breathed amid the tender cares
And loving inmates of thy quiet home.

Thou bring'st no tidings of the better land,
Even from its verge; the mysteries opened there
Are what the faithful heart may understand
In its still depths, yet words may not declare.

And well I deem, that, from the brighter side
Of life's dim border, some o'erflowing rays
Streamed from the inner glory, shall abide
Upon thy spirit through the coming days.

Twice wert thou given me; once in thy fair prime,
Fresh from the fields of youth, when first we met,
And all the blossoms of that hopeful time
Clustered and glowed where'er thy steps were set.

And now, in thy ripe Autumn, once again
Given back to fervent prayers and yearnings strong,
From the drear realm of sickness and of pain,
When we had watched, and feared, and trembled long.

Now may we keep thee from the balmy air
And radiant walks of heaven a little space,
Where He, who went before thee to prepare
For His meek followers, shall assign thy place.

DICK'S LEGACY.

We were a large family, and it was only to be expected that one of us should have insisted upon going to sea. My father said he would as soon have seen Dick go to the Dogs at once, but we all knew he didn't mean that. He only meant it was very hard that his favorite son, and the child of his old age, should not be content to earn his living at home, or at least in his own country, but must betake himself to lands which the rest of us had only read of in the geography books. We lived in London, and within a very easy distance of the Thames—indeed, our street led into it—but nothing would do but Dick must sail to Spain, and see the Guadalquiver—a name that sounds like an alligator *in extremis*. Our Dick cared nothing for foreign scenery, had no thirst for information of any kind, didn't care whether the climate was warm or cold, hadn't the slightest knowledge of any tongue but his own (and *that* he knew very imperfectly), had no sympathy with Columbus or Captain Cook—and yet he must be always going to sea. Going to see *what?* his father used to inquire peevishly; and poor Dick never could answer him, for he didn't know himself. He always pined to be off somewhere, to Kamtchatka, or Mozambique, or Jericho, after he had been at home about three weeks or so. Spain not having been enough for him, he ran over to Canada; then he took a trip to Hong-kong; and finally went to the West Indies—from whence the dear light-hearted vagabond never returned.

Yellow Jack laid him low at Berbice, and many an eye was touched with tears when the news came over the sea. It sent a spasm to his father's heart from which it never recovered. For this Ne'er-do-well, who was no Scapegrace, however, was liked by everybody who knew him. He was very poor, of course, being only a common seaman before the mast, at best; but he had kept all his friends in his memory wheresoever he went, and brought home some trifle from every outlandish place he visited, for one or the other of them. He was not a man for a woman to marry—unless she was prepared to embrace the nautical profession as well as himself—but he was an immense favorite with all the sex; and as for children, they adored him, and called him Uncle Dick whether authorized by the tables of affinity so to do, or not. His last present, a posthumous one, brought over by a messmate to my wife, with "her brother Dick's best love"—kind simple soul that he was!—was a huge black parrot, the very ugliest bird that these eyes ever beheld. Lucy, however, welcomed it as though it had been a bird of Paradise, for the sake of the giver; and father could hardly be persuaded not to have it in his room, when he lay ill of the sickness which at last was unto death. But the fact was the black parrot was by no means a suitable bird for a sick room; for at most unexpected seasons, and commonly in the dead of night, it would begin to talk as loud as a washerwoman, and use the most reprehensible language, which it had picked up at sea—upon its return voyage, as my wife always would have it, and by no means from Dick's lips. "Poob, pooh!" "Never say die!" "What's o'clock? past kissing time—chick, chick—and time to kiss again—chick, chick!" [That was his imitation of osculation.] 'Tolderol, tolderol!" "Who's afraid?" "Kill the captain!" "Scuttle the ship!"—and a number of other objectionable statements, which would be not only tedious here to enumerate, but even improper. Notwithstanding this, Poll was a great pet with everybody (except the doctor, whom it had objurgated in the most unmeasured terms, having mistaken him, in his white cravat, for the ship's chaplain,) and when misfortune came upon us, in the pleasant guise, however, of a family too large for our income, Poll and his huge gilt cage still formed a portion of our furniture, although many persons with more brain than heart thought it a piece of folly that we did not turn Dick's loving legacy into hard money. The only inconvenience Poll suffered in consequence of this change in our circumstances, was that, being greatly crowded within doors, we hung him outside the house in the summer time, in which position he endured much wordy persecution from the street boys. To these he would return insult for insult, teaching them the badinage used by mariners, and learning in return the flowers of speech that flourish in the streets of the metropolis. His jet-black plumage, his enormous beak, and the unprecedented (for a parrot) violence of his expressions, induced these enemies to call him Nick; but very fortunately his ear was not sufficiently acute to discern the difference between this contumelious name and Dick, which we had entitled him, after him who had bequeathed him to us.

But "Never you mind," my good father would observe to us, with general reference to all these drawbacks; "that bird will prove a blessing to you yet, or my dear boy would never have sent it to you with his last breath across the seas."

And so, long after my poor father died, and when many of our children had grown up and were earning their own living, the parrot was with us still, without one touch of gray upon a feather.

We were outfitting Jack, our youngest but one, for a situation as under-clerk in a colliery down in Wales, and had had no little trouble to raise the money for that and his long journey, when Dick first brought us luck.

"My dear George," said my wife to me one June evening, just after I had come home from a long day's work, "if fifteen guineas would be a very great comfort to you indeed, I know where to get them."

Her voice was not so cheery as her words, and therefore I knew there was a reverse side to such a gratifying offer.

"Well," said I, "and what's to be done for that money? It would be a great convenience, Lucy, no doubt, just now."

"That's true," returned my wife with a little sigh. "But we are not so poor as to be obliged to sell poor Dick even for that sum; and it is for him that the money has been bid. If any of the children were ill, and wanted expensive medicines, or change of air, I should not hesitate about it; but since we have cut, and contrived, and scraped together enough to start our Jack, I think we should not be justified, eh, George—"

My wife spoke with indecision, but she would secretly have been much disappointed in me, if I had leaned towards selling the bird, I knew; so I replied that that must not be thought of—certainly not—and inquired, merely as a matter of curiosity, how the offer happened to be made.

"Well," said my wife, "Sally called me down stairs this afternoon, as I was taking a last look to Jack's clothes, and especially to his buttons, poor lad—for it is not likely that any Welshwoman will understand such things—and who should be in the parlor but a female in widow's clothes, sitting at our table with the parrot before her, like a poor savage worshipping an idol. She had taken it down from its hook outside, and carried it in, notwithstanding that it had sworn at her in a manner dreadful to listen to, and was even then far from pacified.

"'Madam, I beg your pardon,' exclaimed the visitor; 'but this parrot is the most admirable bird—'

"'Pooh, pooh!' cried Dick.

"'Its sagacity,' pursued the widow, 'is beyond all belief. Now, I dote upon parrots, especially black ones, that having been my beloved husband's favorite color. And if I could only get possession of this admirable creature—'

"'Kill the captain!—scuttle the ship!' screamed Dick.

"'By paying any compensation in reason, I should consider myself truly fortunate. Of course, I'm taking a great liberty. I have no right to come into your house and open a negotiation of this kind—I am fully aware of the false position in which I have placed myself—still, a voice from beyond the tomb seems to have whispered to me—'

"'Tolderol!' exclaimed Dick, performing a succession of somersaults within his gilded ring. 'Who's your hatter? How's your poor feet?'

"'Seems to have whispered,' repeated the widow, calmly waiting until the bird had finished its remarks: '"Buy that parrot; buy it, cage and all. Take it home, and treat it kindly." It is impossible for me, madam, to neglect such a solemn intimation of the wishes of the departed. Five pounds for the bird, and two ten for the cage, is an offer which I think you will allow is handsome, and ought to be conclusive.' And with these words she took out her purse, and laid down the money on the table.

"I confess, George, that the sight of so much gold was not a little tempting; but after just one look at it, I thanked her, and bade her put it back again, for that with us also the matter was one of feeling and memory, and that we could not part with Dick upon any such consideration.

"'Ten for the bird, and five for the cage,' observed the visitor with quiet distinctness, and doubling the sum already spread before me. I hesitated a moment, fairly fascinated by the glitter of all this treasure. I thought of a score of things that it would buy for you and the children, and did not know what to do.

"'Poor Dick, poor Dick, poor Dick!' reiterated the parrot mournfully. '"Give him a dozen, keel-haul him, throw him overboard!"'

"'Madam,' cried I, 'I cannot sell that bird; so, please, do not tempt me any further.'"

"Well, Lucy, and you did quite right," quoth I, kissing away a tear that lay upon her honest cheek. "And then I suppose the temptress took herself off?"

"No," returned my wife, "she did not; and here comes the strangest part of the story, and that which may have most interest for you and me. 'Well, if you won't sell your parrot,' said the widow, in the same determined way as before, and without any appearance of disappointment, 'will you *lend* it to me for a week in August next? I will give you ten guineas for the loan of it.'"

"*Lend* it, Lucy!"

"That is certainly what she said, George; and I replied that I would speak to you, and if she would call to-morrow, at ten o'clock, let her know to what decision you had come."

At first, I thought this offer could not have proceeded from any but a madwoman, and made up my mind to refuse her request. She might do some harm to our parrot, and possibly even eat it; in which case, the law itself could afford us no redress. But, on second thoughts, I determined to see the woman myself, before rejecting so favorable a proposition. Accordingly, I delayed going to my usual place of business the next day until after the hour named by the mysterious visitor. As the clock struck ten, she rang the door-bell, and telling Sally not to be in a hurry in opening it, I made a reconnizance through the parlor blind.

The widow's cap framed a quiet, resolute face, and hard blue eyes, that certainly exhibited no trace of insanity; her voice, as she spoke to the servant, was calm and collected; her garments were new and of good material. If appearances were to be trusted, she was not mad, and she was solvent—the two points about which I had naturally the greatest solicitude.

"Mr. Wilson, I conclude?" observed she, as she entered the parlor. "I am glad that I see you in person, so that there need be no more uncertainty about this little affair. I offered your wife ten guineas for the loan of your black parrot from the 6th to the 13th of August. I think that is a handsome week's rent for any bird."

"Madam," returned I, "that is undoubtedly true; still, the proposition is such a very uncommon one, that you must pardon my hesitation in acceding to it. How do I know—"

"If you require references as guarantees of my respectability," interrupted the widow, "you may have a bushel of them. My name is Hubble, I live at 884 Pitt Street. I was housekeeper to the late General Sir Fiddle Faddle for twenty years; and my bankers are the Messrs. Child. If you are merely curious to know why I want your parrot, that curiosity will not be gratified. Don't be a fool, now. I am prepared to pay five guineas at once, on deposit, and in advance, to convince you that my intentions are in good faith. What would you have more?"

"Nothing more, indeed," said I, taking up the money. "I am perfectly satisfied. But supposing that in the interim the poor parrot should—"

"Never say die!" exclaimed Dick from his cage without. "Who's afraid? Chick, chick, chick, chick, chick!"

I could not help laughing heartily at this apropos interruption, but the widow never moved a muscle.

"If it dies, you may keep the deposit. It is hard," added she with a sort of spasm, "that poor folks should be disappointed in their expectations, through no fault of their own; but as for their giving money back again, I think nobody ought to expect it. I have nothing further to remark, except that the whole arrangement is to be kept a dead secret. That may seem very whimsical perhaps, but then I am prepared to pay for my whims. It will be better that one of you two should both bring Dick to Pitt Street, and take him away again, and for this trouble, you shall have a guinea extra." She rose to leave the room, but while I held the door open for her, she suddenly observed: "By-the-by, I don't like the name of Dick; it's vulgar. Have you any nice little boy at home who has nothing particular to do, and will teach the parrot to speak of himself as 'Poor Tommy, Poor Tommy?' It is very easily done—and here is a little present for his future tutor."

She was gone in a moment, leaving in my wife's hand a half-sovereign wrapped up in silver-paper; and all my apprehensions as to the state of her mind returned to me immediately with redoubled force. "She *must* be mad," thought I, "to scatter her gold about with such reckless profusion, and to entertain the idea that Tommy is a more aristocratic name than Dick!"

Nevertheless, the method of her madness being far from objectionable, and her references turning out to be most satisfactory, everything was done in accordance with the widow's desire. Our youngest hope, incited by the magnitude of his reward, never ceased his monotonous task until the unfortunate bird was so far educated that if he did not substitute his new name for his old one, he at least used one as often as the other, and very often both in the same breath; and when the 6th of August came, I took him in a cab to Pitt Street in a high state of exultation and strong language, and under the belief, as I think, that he was about to be shipped for the West Indies. On the 13th, I brought him back again as glossy and bright as ever, and with the sum of £6 6s. in my waistcoat pocket, as well as the price of the two cabs. Not a feather of him was missing; he was as ugly, but not at all more so—which, indeed, was scarcely possible—than when he left us. What he had done to earn his hire, we could not possibly imagine. When we asked him, he answered "Fiddle Faddle;" a reply which at first quite terrified us by its sagacious novelty, but presently we remembered that that had been the name of the general whose housekeeper the widow had been, and set it down merely as a new acquisition to Dick's vocabulary. For fifteen years, I took that parrot to Pitt Street, and received the eleven guineas *per annum*, and although we suffered much—especially Lucy—from the pangs of ungratified curiosity, we had certainly cause to bless that sable bird. Our pecuniary connection with Mrs Hubble did not make us in any degree more acquainted with her; she received and dismissed me always with the same frigid politeness; and when I met her by chance in the street, at other times, she made two stereotyped inquiries—first after Tommy's health, and secondly after that of my wife.

In the sixteenth year after our first loan of the parrot, and the month of July, we received a visit from two strange gentlemen, which was even more extraordinary in its results than that of the mysterious widow. It took place upon a Saturday afternoon, when I was accustomed to leave my employer's house at an earlier hour than usual, so that I happened to be at home: had my wife been alone, she expresses her opinion that the interview would have been too much for her, and have cost her her reason. As it was, her head—to use her own words—"turned round like a teetotum," and "she saw sparks," which it seems is a premonitary sign of mental aberration.

And, judge now, whether, under the circumstances, this was to be wondered at.

These two gentlemen, being strangers, and attired in sober garments, having rung the bell, lifted down the parrot, whose cage as usual hung outside the ground-floor window, and brought it with them into the parlor.

"You must excuse our freedom," observed the elder of the two, who had a stiff white cravat, and looked like a family lawyer; "but Tommy is a very old friend of ours, and we have known him a great deal longer than you have."

"Indeed, gentlemen!" said I. "Then that must have been in the West Indies."

"I knew him there intimately well," returned the second gentleman, who was tightly buttoned up, and carried his head high, like a military man. The General won him at piquet of the Lieutenant-Governor of Barbadoes, having staked, upon his side, fifty guineas."

"And I don't think he would have afterwards parted with him, Major, for a thousand pounds," observed the other.

"Dear me!" said I. But I could not help thinking that he must have parted with him for a good deal less to my brother Dick; unless Dick stole him. This last idea so agitated me, that I did not catch quite clearly what was said for a minute or two.

"The gentlemen want to know how it is that the parrot has forgotten the articles of war," exclaimed my wife, touching my elbow; then added, in a terrified whisper: "For Heaven's sake, get them out of the house, George; they are both stark staring mad."

"The articles of war!" said I; "I never knew he had learned them. Dick, Dick, why did you never repeat the articles of war?"

"Pooh, Pooh! Kill the captain!—scuttle the ship!" chuckled the parrot.

"Now, *that's* very extraordinary too," remarked the military stranger. "Where *could* he have picked up all that sea-slang? Sir Fiddle was so very particular. He kept him in his own cabin all the way home; and nobody under gun-room rank was allowed to associate with him."

"Some young scamp of a midshipman must doubtless have done it on the sly," returned the other. "But may I ask, Mr. Wilson, why you call him Dick?"

"Because that's his name," observed I simply. "I have no other reason whatever."

"But it's *not* his name," remarked the white-cravated gentleman confidently. "His name is Tommy, and has been such for these forty years; he is dehominated Tommy in the codicil. I am sure Fiddle would have been very unhappy at the notion of his being called Dick. You must not encourage the bird in such senseless extravagances. The wishes of the departed should be consulted as though he were actually alive. We have nothing, however, to complain of in your custody of the bird, Mr. Wilson; quite the reverse. Indeed, poor Mrs. Hubble informed us that she knew of nobody to whom we could intrust the faithful creature with greater confidence; when we have called upon her by accident, and not at the specified time, we understood that you had poor Tommy in keeping for the benefit of his health; and certainly you always sent him back to Pitt Street in high feather. Now that Mrs. Hubble is dead—(Did you not hear of it? Yes; the sad event took place more than ten days ago)—we do not know anybody fitter than yourself to whom to transfer this sacred charge. We came here to-day merely to identify the bird. In future, we shall visit you every 13th of August—it was the General's whitest day in the year, Major, and aptly chosen; even Paradise can be hardly a more charming spot to him than was his Perthshire moor. We wish you a very good morning, Mr. Wilson. Permit me to congratulate you upon this first instalment of what I trust may be a long annuity to you and yours." He pressed an envelope into my hand, and then he and his starched companion took their deliberate departure. I watched them walking slowly up the street. They were evidently not in the least apprehensive of being followed and seized as madmen. One presently called a cab, and bade good-bye to the other in a studiously courteous manner, just as though they had been about some business, which brought them together periodically, and made them acquaintances without their ever becoming intimate friends. In the meantime my wife was within a sob or two of hysterics, while I remained standing with the envelope in my hand, and a crossed cheque inside of it for a hundred guineas, payable to myself or Bearer!

Nothing out of the *Arabian Nights*, where purses of sequins are flung about with such reckless prodigality, was surely to be compared to this adventure.

"What's o'clock?" cried the parrot, astonished at the stupified silence into which his master had been plunged.

"Excellent bird," returned I, "your words are the words of wisdom. It is half-past two, and the Messrs. Child close at three o'clock; there is not a moment to lose." I arrived at the banking-house in time to present the cheque; and it was cashed without the least hesitation. I took my way back with more money in my pocket than I had ever possessed there in my life. My possession of it was a little mysterious, certainly; but then, had not my father foretold that Dick's legacy would prove a blessing to us, and bade me mark his words. I was inclined to accept everything in the past and in the future with a grateful heart, that was not disposed for question or analysis. It was a saying of my revered parent, when our cousin, the brewer's clerk, used to send us a kilderkin of rather inferior ale at Christmas-time, that you should never look a gift-cask in the bunghole. If I had found a Queen's messenger waiting for me at home with a patent of nobility made out in the name of Wilson, by reason of my proprietorship in that incomparable black parrot, I think I should have taken it as a matter of course. I did not, however, find a Queen's messenger, but, on the contrary, a porter from Furnival's Inn, who had brought a letter with him, and declined to leave the house without seeing me; the contents were as follows:—

"DEAR SIR—I wholly forgot, when Major Mordex and myself called upon you this afternoon with the first instalment of your annuity, to ask for your signature to the enclosed receipt; which please to sign; and return by bearer. Yours, truly,

"NATHANIEL POUNCET."

The receipt was in the same envelope,

"Received of Matthew Mordax, Esq., and Nathaniel Pouncet, Solicitor, executors of the late General Sir Fiddle Faddle, the sum of one hundred guineas, being the annual stipend left by the will of the said general for the maintenance of his black parrot Tommy."

These dreadful words revealed at once the dark source of our prosperity, as the policeman's lantern flashes on the implements of the burglar. I accompanied the messenger at once to Furnival's Inn with the depressing consciousness that I had got to refund my little property. It seemed to be very hard and grievous that my vested rights, for such they already seemed, should be thus infringed. I at once, however, set forth every circumstance connected with the affair before Mr. Nathaniel Pouncet, and had the satisfaction of perceiving that I was at least believed. "You are not to blame in this affair at all, Mr. Wilson," said he; "far from it. But for your honesty, it is likely enough we should have paid you a hundred guineas a year for life. The late Mrs. Hubble must have cheated us out of that amount for fifteen years—ever since she hired your parrot to represent the deceased favorite of the poor general. It was a housekeeper, too, I think who kept a bishop alive, to all appearance, for six months after death, and drove something like him every day through his own cathedral town, in order that she might receive the half yearly revenue of his see. I really don't know which was the worse case; except that in the bishop's"—here the lawyer smiled—"there seems to have been no necessity for a substitute, and therefore the fraud was rather more negative or passive. You will not, of course, have to repay those sums, Mr. Wilson, which this woman remitted to you under false pretences, but which you did not, I am sure, suspect to be false. Of course, I must receive the one hundred guineas; but we will communicate upon that subject with the general's heir-at-law, who will be glad to learn that this troublesome charge upon the estate no longer exists, and who has a heart to sympathize with your disappointment, as well as to appreciate your manly conduct."

Finally, although my recompense for keeping my own parrot could not be entitled a Long Annuity, I received that refunded cheque for a hundred guineas "in token of the esteem entertained by Francis Faddle, Esq.," for my upright behavior; or, in other words, because I had not been so fraudulent as Mrs. Hubble. No wonder that she had been so anxious for our parrot's company between the 6th and 13th of August! No wonder that she had thought Tommy a more becoming name for him than Dick! What pleased my wife most of all in the whole transaction was, that she had so sturdily refused to part with the dear bird for good and all. "What a rich reward has been given us for obeying the dictates of affection! What ever would you have said, George, had I sold our Dick for fifteen guineas at once, instead of receiving more than two hundred and sixty for, so it were, the interest of our principal?"

"Well, Lucy, I should have said that you had imitated that unsagacious housewife who killed her parrot for the sake of its golden eggs."

"That was a goose, George," remarked my wife a little stiffly.

"Fiddle, Faddle, what's the odds?" screamed Dick.

WHY THE DYING NEVER WEEP.—The reason why the dying never weep is because the manufactures of life have stopped forever; the human system has run down forever; every gland of the system has ceased its functions. In almost all diseases the liver is the first manufactory that stops work; one by one others follow, and all the fountains of life are at length dried up; there is no secretion anywhere. So the eye in death weeps not; not that all affection is dead to the heart, but because there is not a tear-drop in it, any more than there is moisture on the lip.

☞ SINGULAR IGNORANCE.—A letter in the London Guardian complains that candidates for holy orders from St. Aiden's College, Birkenhead, appear profoundly ignorant of the New Testament—one of them did not know what were the topics of Paul's preaching to the Athenians, of the First Epistle to the Ephesians, or of the First Epistle of John, &c. The reason assigned is: "We have very few lectures on the New Testament, our time is so much taken up with Paley and Butler."

☞ CAPITAL TO MARRY.—In England it is maintained that for a man belonging to the middle class to marry on a yearly income of three hundred pounds, about fifteen hundred dollars, is voluntarily to become the victim of the greatest misery, as well as to be guilty of the greatest folly.

☞ The Victoria Park in London, a recent institution, larger than St. James and the Green Park together, owes its "umbrageousness" to American trees, which have "the valuable gift of rapid growth." Our trees our emblematical of our progress.

☞ OPALS REFUSE TO BE COUNTERFEITED.—In Paris there is a reaction against paste, which can be made there to imitate exactly every kind of precious stone, except the opal. A false diamond cannot be detected from a true one.

☞ There is no fault so small that it will disappear of itself. You must make a business of pulling it up by the roots, and throwing it away.

THUS IT IS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TWICE LOST."

The languid world went by me as I found
A jewel on the ground;
Under a silent weed
A nameless glory, set for none to heed.
"Stoop, see, and wonder!" was my joyful cry;
But still the languid world went only by.

I drew it forth, and set it on a hill,—
They passed it still;
Some turned to look,
And said it was a pebble from the brook;
A dewdrop, only made to melt away;
A worthless mirror, with a borrowed ray.

Then on my knees I shouted forth its praise
For nights and days;
"See with your eyes!
A diamond, shining only for the wise!
How is it that ye love not at first sight
This unfamiliar treasure of sweet light?"

I set it on my breast. Then, with a sneer,
They came more near;
They knew the sign
And secret of my praise,—the thing was mine.
They left it to me with a bland disdain,
And hugged their tinsel to their hearts again.

I showed it to the dearest soul I had:
"Come and be glad!
Let them go by—
We know it is a diamond—you and I!"
Coldly he answered, "If you love it so,
You need not me to praise it. Let me go."

"It is my sin," I cried, with bitter tears,
"That no man hears.
I'll fling it down:
Some nobler hand shall set it in a crown.
I shall behold it honored ere I die;
But no one could have loved it more than I."

S. M.

THE MYSTERIOUS FATE.

On a wild Christmas eve, twenty years ago, I, August Hirsch, and my friend Carl Neubert, both students at the Royal University of Tubingen, were riding from that town towards Ulm. We might have reached our homes and sweethearts in half the time by *diligence;* but we were young, and what young men do not prefer the most jaded of backs to the smuggest of stage-coaches? Moreover, we had started in the bright sunlight of a still frosty morning, and had not bargained for the tornado of wind and snow that came with nightfall. Summer tourists amid the Suabian Alps admire, and justly, the wooded height and picturesque ravines on either hand, but few can imagine a drearier scene in December storms. The wind was piercing, the night pitchy dark, and the snow threatened to envelope us at every moment.

For two hours we had been vainly striving to recover our lost track, when Carl exclaimed joyfully (I think he had the most joyful voice of anyone I ever knew:)

"Hurra! I see a light. Cheer up, August, we'll get bed and board, and make the little girls happy to-morrow, after all."

And true enough, a welcome glimmer, apparently some hundred yards off, seemed to promise us all this. Plunging with better heart into the darkness, we soon felt the ground smoother beneath our horses' feet, and gained upon the light. It issued from a low-grated window in the basement story of a gaunt old Schloss, or baronial residence; and a sharp descent brought us within sounds of horses' breathing and smells of warm cow-sheds. We were in the courtyard. As no one seemed to stir, and we were raging with hunger, Carl made a trumpet of his hands and summoned the steward lustily. Who could be angry with benighted travellers on such a night?

After some minutes of impatient waiting, we heard a step on the stone staircase of the inner apartments, the iron door fell back with a clang, and a young woman invited us to enter. She was dressed in the short, blue serge petticoat and white cotton vest usually worn by the district peasantry. Her hands were red; and one might tell, from the odor hanging to her garments, that she had just been employed in cooking garlic; she was, in fact, an ordinary house-steward's daughter or maid. Yet, at the first glance, I felt as if I would have given worlds rather than see such a face. To define the precise impression it made upon me is impossible: it was beautiful, perhaps one of the most beautiful faces I remember; but its beauty had the peculiarity of seeming utterly apart from her other self, an extra sense as it were, only here by some strange joy and awful despair, called into expression by the one, made deathless by the other,—a beauty that struck chill to the heart. She was followed by a bent old man, half blind and wholly deaf, who busied himself with the horses, whilst Carl and I ascended the winding staircase of the Schloss. Whether Carl was affected by the girl's wonderful face I do not know. He had the most sportive, boyish humor in the world, and never confessed to a serious feeling, if he experienced it. Moreover, he was wet to the skin, and fiercely hungry. At twenty one a young man sees little under these circumstances.

When we had reached, what appeared the dining-room, our guide went away, saying she would assist in preparing supper. Carl nodded to her unconcernedly, and we were left alone.

"Let us light the wood in the stove," said my companion, "whilst that garlic-perfumed damsel cooks us our soup. What a blessed chance it was that we saw her candle glimmer before the Ed King had got us. I say, old fellow, isn't it right joyous to think that we shall kiss Minchen and Hedwig to-morrow? My little Minchen wrote me such a pretty letter yesterday."

He chatted and sang gayly till the old man appeared behind a steam of soup, whereupon we sat down to supper. I tried to learn from our host whose hospitality he represented, but in vain. Partly under the influence of viands and warmth, partly from the constitutional *laisser-aller* of my character, I was already recovering from the unpleasant impression above narrated. The steward's daughter was less of a phantom to me than she had been a quarter of an hour before.

Wine was brought—Neckar, Hock, Moselle—and to all we did due justice. Carl drank most freely: his fair, girlish face glowed with added warmth; his blue eyes shone; he tossed his light curls from his forehead and seemed to see glad spirits in the air. I was more sober, but quite as happy. Both of us talked extravagantly of the future, as half-tipsy young men will do; both of us praised each other's betrothed; both of us counted the kisses in store for to-morrow. Suddenly I was made conscious of a presence in the room that sobered me. It was the steward's daughter. She sat far removed from us. For some minutes I could not understand why there was something still more remarkable and unearthly about her appearance now than at first, but on closer scrutiny I saw the reason. She had changed her soiled serge petticoat for one that was white and thin. It might have been a wedding-dress; it might have been another white garment, the last one wears. She had also fastened a faded ribbon in her hair. As she sat gazing at us in this guise, her pale face and white dress giving double prominence to her brilliant eyes, no wonder we both grew silent and serious.

"I think I'll go to bed," cried Carl; "come, little one, will you show us the way for a kiss?" He always treated country girls in this student-like fashion.

The girl rose, and without a word conducted us to two rooms on the same floor, large but comfortless apartments that might have passed off for *salons*. Carl was too stupified to do more than make a silent comment on our strange waiting-maid, and I left him after five minutes fast asleep. As I passed to my own room, something gleamed from the darkness of the corridor like the eyes of a wild cat, and I felt that the steward's daughter was watching me.

I demanded the reason of her strange conduct angrily, but she made no answer and shuffled away. I went to bed satisfied that she was an idiot.

Seldom do I remember a more brilliant Christmas-day than dawned next morning. Full of joyful anticipations I made a hasty toilette, and finding that Carl did not reply to my call, descended to the kitchen. The old man was not to be seen, but his daughter sat peeling onions by the grate, dressed in the blue serge gown before mentioned. I felt half angry with myself for having thought her mad on the previous night as I met her fine melancholy eyes; after all, she was but an ordinary girl, who had a beautiful face and a sad story of her own.

"What do you want, Mein Herr?" she asked, with a slight tremble in her voice.

"Breakfast, my child, and then to be off and away. Make us some good coffee, will you, and let us have it at once."

"Coffee and bread for two?" she said, looking at me strangely.

"Certainly. Is the other gentleman gone to look at the horses?"

She shook her head, and I retraced my way up-stairs, shouting "Carl, Carl!" No answer came, but I thought it quite probable that he had ascended the uppermost story to look out of the terrace window, and thither went. To the right and to the left I looked in vain. Carl was evidently out of doors after all. Before following him, however, I bethought myself of the valises in our bedrooms, which might as well be carried down stairs at once to spare the extra mounting. What was my bewilderment in finding Carl's clothes lying beside his empty bed, the pantaloons, the heavy boots, the worsted sock, the fur waistcoat and velvet coat he had provided for his journey! My bewilderment grew to apprehension—my apprehension to horror. I threw back the eider-down bed-covering with a vague consciousness that he must be underneath. I searched wardrobe and closet, I shouted his name as if I were mad; finally, I rushed down-stairs and told my terrible story, in a word.

Deaf as the old man was, he comprehended me, and fell to weeping and praying on his knees, declaring in a pitiful child-like way that his master the Count would give me a good account of him, and adding a hundred poor foolish things utterly meaningless. I turned to the girl Anni with a burst of passion.

"And you," I cried, "you who watched us last night, you who have such strange ways and dark looks, what have you to say?"

She looked at me fixedly for a minute or two, her fingers busy on the onions in her lap, and made no reply. There was something almost touching in her silence, as if she felt how much must be forgiven me in my present state of feeling, and I, being inwardly assured of the innocence of the pair, yet driven to the necessity of suspecting some one, covered my face and paced the room, almost delirious.

The old man helped me to calmer thoughts. With a kind of dog-like dignity he crouched down beside me, saying,

"I'm innocent of any harm to that poor young man, as my master, the Count, will say; but you're a gentleman and I'm only a steward, so to you I will hand up the Schloss keys till this matter is seen into. Don't cry, sir; young or old, we must all die."

I sprang up with the keys in my hand, determined to unravel this fearful mystery before looking Carl's Minchen in the face. First I examined *the* bedroom. It was an oblong panelled apartment looking on to the old-fashioned terrace garden, and had two small windows about twenty feet from the ground, the wall being straight and unbroken; between the wall and garden intervened a grass-grown fosse, formerly a moat which surrounded the old part of the Schloss. I noticed that the snow of the garden was unmarked by footsteps, as also the drifts of the fosse. Next I made minute inspection of the furniture. Almost an hour elapsed before I could discover the least clue. At length it occurred to me that the room looked emptier, colder than it had done last night, that something was wanting, in fact; and there suddenly flashed across my mind the remembrance of a pale blue rug by the bedside. I had wound up my watch in Carl's room before retiring, and after doing so, dropped the key; I particularly recalled the long silky texture of that rug, and the difficulty of finding so tiny a thing in it? Having locked the door, I hastened down-stairs, saddled my horse, and hastened to the village. The old man informed me that his master, Count Born, was staying at Stuttgard, and I determined to send a speedy messenger to him at once. The only person to whom I told my story was the pastor, Herr Pfann Jakob, and he returned with me to the Schloss.

It was a dreary Christmas day. I dared not think of Minna and Hedwig; I dared not think of Carl's poor mother. I concentrated all my energies upon the one puzzle, the one terror; and grieved less for the loss of my friend, because I knew not yet the manner of it. Pastor Jakob suggested, as the only possible solution of the mystery, that some evilly disposed persons had determined to rob the Schloss on the previous night, had made their entry unobserved, had awakened Carl, and murdered him by way of self-preservation. But where was the body? With all due respect for Pastor Jakob, I could not entertain such a view of the case for one moment.

With nightfall came the Count, accompanied by his valets, and two gendarmes. He was a pleasant young man, full of anxiety regarding the affair, and too sorry on my account to regret the discomfort arising to himself. In spite of his remonstrance, the old steward and Anni were put under arrest. Then a search, the most stringent and severe that I can remember, was made throughout and around the Schloss. Floors were taken up, walls were picked out, the moat was dragged, the out-houses were literally pulled to pieces; but all in vain. Next day I was compelled to write home the short but frightful news, "*Alive or dead, Carl is not to be found;*" and the day after brought a task sadder still. I had to meet the broken-hearted Minna face to face, and go over my fatal story, driving death and desolation into her young life with every word.

No young man of all the Tubingen students was more cared for than Carl Neubert; and after the first silent sorrow was over, a burning desire for justice showed itself among his fellows and friends. Subscriptions were collected for the reward of any informer who might appear; and the least rumor of a clue was hailed with joy. Beyond rumors we gained nothing; and the trial of the old steward and his daughter, which took place early in the spring, ended in nothing also. Carl was lost to us, and that was all we knew.

Time wore on. Two years after the fateful Christmas recorded above I left the University, to follow my calling of surgeon in the quiet little garrison town of Ludwigsburg. Hedwig became my wife; and though the mysterious fate of Carl, and the consequent melancholy of Minna, hung like shadows over our days, we were very happy. Poor Minna, being an orphaned cousin of my wife, came to us as soon as we were settled at Ludwigsburg. From a rosy-cheeked, sparkling-eyed, bonnie girl, she had been changed by her great grief to a pale, drooping woman. Nothing moved her from her quiet mood; nothing had power to call up a smile or tear. If we talked of Carl, she set her hands tightly against her heart, and that was all. She never uttered his name from the day of my terrible revelation, and she was utterly passive in everything relating to herself. She would sit for hours gazing at vacancy; and at last I grew to fear for her reason.

A few months after my marriage an event happened of no little interest to the gossiping community of Ludwigsburg, and of vital importance in this narrative. Our garrison physician died; and as the town was only large enough for one, and he must be nominated by government, the arrival of the successful competitor created unusual curiosity in all circles. The garrison officers wondered if he would prove a "jolly fellow;" the quiet little families hoped he would have a sociable disposition, not contemptuous of tea-parties; everyone prayed that he might be clever to heal all the diseases under the sun.

My Hedwig, not behindhand in womanly inquisitiveness and kindly feeling, prevailed on me to visit the new comer the very day of his arrival with advances of civility. Dr. Ernst Baumann was not, however, at home. Accordingly, I left my card with a pencilled welcome among us, and an invitation to supper whenever he liked to come to the Konig Strasse.

Next day we were taking coffee in the garden—Hedwig, Minna, and I—a little before sunset. The September air was laden with sunshine and the odor of newly-made cider; the shrill horn of the vineyard watchers sounded from the hills; the military band played merrily in the castle-square near. Everything tended to a peaceful frame of mind, and seldom had Minna seemed less despairing. She smiled once or twice quite naturally, at some playful words of my wife's.

The house in which we lived contained several other families, all of whom resorted to the garden; and on the afternoon in question two or three groups had settled under the trees for coffee-drinking. By and-by, however, the outer gate clicked, and a stranger entered. For a moment or two he stood still, as if to pick out those he sought, then, hat in hand, advanced slowly towards us.

"Herr Hirsch—Dr. Ernst Baumann."

I do not know whether I returned the salutation of the new garrison doctor. I do not know whether I betrayed in any degree the strange and sudden excitement into which his presence had thrown me. I only remember that my brain grew hot and my nerves tingled with a sensation of appalment to which I give no words.

This young Doctor, with his fair curls, his girlish pink cheeks and clear blue eyes, was not the living Ernst Baumann, but the lost dead Carl. Under the temporary shock that my feelings experienced, reason availed nothing—I believed that Carl stood before me.

Meantime how fared it with Hedwig and poor Minna? When I sufficiently mastered myself as to feel that I had been the victim of an extravagant delusion only, I glanced at my companions. Hedwig was knitting, as usual, and chatting at the same time with the new comer; but Minna had dropped her pins, and sat gazing on his face with wild dilating eyes and quivering throat.

Whether Dr. Ernst Baumann noticed my own abstraction or Minna's strange mood I do not know; he appeared perfectly at his ease anyhow, and during the hour that he remained, gave me the idea of a well informed, polished, and pleasing young man. I did my best to overcome the supernatural impression he had at first made upon me, but with little success. I could not be self-composed, much less sociable. I had seen the dead Carl before me. But Hedwig made her visitor heartily welcome, entertained him with graphic descriptions of our town and its society, invited him to join our forthcoming pic-nic to Schiller's birthplace; finally, finding that he was musical, pressed him to follow us indoors and sit down to the piano. He did not play artist-fashion, but fancifully, disjointedly, as poor Carl was wont to do; now an air of Mendelssohn, now a fugue of Bach, now an original waltz, now an old German hymn. I listened, but felt no surprise when Minna suddenly put her hands to her temple and rushed from the room.

As soon as our visitor was gone, I described the impressions he had made upon me to my wife, and gently blamed her conduct.

"Do you not see," I urged earnestly, "that the presence of this young man will be most painful to poor Minna?—certainly you must have noticed his great likeness to our Carl, and the effect it produced upon her; would it not be better, under these circumstances, not to encourage his visits?"

"No," she replied; "the new garrison Doctor cannot be Carl, and therefore it is our duty to remove such impressions from Minna's mind as speedily as possible. Keep her utterly out of his sight, and he will ever remain the ghost of her lover. Let her see him daily, eat, drink, talk with him, learn his former life, note his idiosyncracies of character,—then he will become Dr. Ernst Baumann, and nothing more.

I saw the judiciousness of her arguments, and yielded to them; Minna was kindly though firmly reasoned with as to the folly of her impression; Dr. Baumann's name passed often and without hesitation from our lips; and for a week everything promised well.

On the day appointed for our picnic, Minna accepted the carriage seat beside Dr. Baumann without a tremor, and I could see that she was fighting bravely against her weaker self. Once or twice, as he laughed that mirthful, musical laugh so terribly like Carl's, I saw her pale face grow paler and her hands lock nervously together, but that was all. She had too much intellectual power to yield willingly to a delusion. I trusted her now, and felt that I had no longer cause to fear.

The day was bright and our humors tuned well with it. Having paid antiquarian homage to the dirty little village in which the great German poet was born, and the pink cottage in which he crowed his first crow, we adjourned to the *Golden Lamb*, and dined off soup, quails and apple sauce. Coffee and cigars followed; then the little party broke up into twos and threes, for the purpose of exploring the neighborhood as fancy might lead. Dr. Baumann, Minna, and I found ourselves together by chance, and took a vineyard path leading to the hills. We soon left Marbach and its quaint bridge behind, coming to a crest of wooded bluffs overlooking a wide prospect of tobacco-field, corn-land, and villages. It was one of those cool breezy days when a good pedestrian feels no inclination to turn his back upon a pretty landscape, and being all fair walkers, we took no heed of the swiftly passing time. When we rested it was already growing evening.

"Where are we?" asked Dr. Ernst Baumann, with a look of trouble stealing over his face. "I do not think I have ever been here before, and yet every spot seems familiar."

"The village at our feet is Zuffenhausen, and the hills that rise so verdantly beyond run southward to meet the Suabian Alps," I replied; "we are very proud of our scenery."

He followed up his own train of thoughts without appearing to hear me.

"I wonder whether such sensations have any real foundation in former existence, or are visionary only. Do you see that ridge of firs yonder, very far away towards the west, below it a smooth plateau of turf, and above it an old square Schloss covered with gray towers and belted with a green mound?—I was never within twenty miles of Ludwigsburg before, and yet that old Schloss is as familiar to me as if I had lived in it yesterday."

"There is many and many an old castle similarly built in South Germany," I replied; "and in all probability you but mistake a recollection for an impression; most people do so at some period of their lives." His eyes lit with sudden conviction.

"You are right," he exclaimed; "I am thinking of Schloss Schaubek!"

He said this calmly but not quite naturally, and after speaking his cheeks paled a little, and his eyes sought the ground. He seemed to wish that the name had been any other, that there was no Schloss Schaubek, in fact. Meantime his words were exciting Minna terribly, and I felt that I must make an effort to annul them.

"You have probably visited at Schloss Schaubek," I said, with nonchalance.

"I was there once," he answered, suddenly grown taciturn.

"When was it? whom did you meet there? how did you amuse yourself?" I continued, as suddenly grown garrulous.

Dr. Baumann rose and turned his back upon the old gray Schloss.

"Let us go away," he said, with a disturbed face; "and above all things, let us change the subject. I cannot talk of Schloss Schaubek."

It would be vain to deny that the incident above described was wholly without effect upon me. The delusion, though self-evident, remained a delusion nevertheless. In the broad daylight of reason and experience, I, August Hirsch, aged thirty-two, could but look upon Dr. Ernst Baumann at that moment, in the light of a *doppelganger*, or transformed Carl. Young, bright, charming as he was, he was terrible to me. I saw in him the living ghost of my dead friend. I believed for the time being in all kinds of supernatural existences.

And Minna? As we walked slowly and silently towards Marbach, I felt her hand grow colder and heavier on my arm, and watched a dark undefinable shadow steal over her face. She gave way to no outward demonstrations of emotion; she even entered into conversation with some others of our party when we joined them at the *Golden Lamb;* she did not allude to Dr. Baumann in any way on our return home. But when night came her strength gave way. Remedies, soothings, arguments proved alike useless, and a violent fit of hysteria was followed by cold shivers and delirium, which lasted for hours. The next day she was in a high fever.

My wife never left her bedside for a week; when the fever abated, and only mental delusion and depression remained to be conquered. The poor girl suffered from the same impression to which I had been momentarily subject—namely, the identity of Carl and Dr. Baumann. She would lie for hours with no idea but that most terrible one in her mind. The handsome, pleasant young garrison Doctor was to her the most dreaded of spectres.

"This will not do," said my Hedwig to me at last. "One thing or another must be sacrificed, husband—Minna's life or the Doctor's feelings; which of the two, think you, is the most precious? The first, I say, and therefore, if you have not the inclination to front Dr. Ernst Baumann with a plain question, I will do so myself. He must and shall tell us his mysterious story regarding Schloss Schaubek. However painful such a revelation may be, he is bound to make it for Minna's sake; and if he has the good heart for which I give him credit, you will not have to ask twice."

As usual; she was right, and, fully sharing her anxiety, I put on my hat at once to seek Doctor Baumann.

Doctor Baumann not only filled the office of garrison doctor, but also that of visiting physician to St. Thomas's Hospital, a new and well-supported institution for our sick poor. As he was neither at home nor to be found in the barracks, on the occasion in point, I accordingly sought him in the former place.

Hospitals are not cheering places at any time, but to-day my heart would have been sad in the gayest place, for thoughts of poor Minna. I hardly pitied the poor wretches around me; they at least had no dreary phantom hovering over their pillow; they at least were too miserable to die of a delusion. I felt half angry at the evidences of care and skill around me. It seemed monstrous that science could so delicately deal with the body, and yet be utterly helpless in handling the mind. Surely for such a case as Minna's, some subtle and well-poised psychological treatment ought to be ready at hand, surely chance ought not to be stronger than man's boasted knowledge.

Whilst pondering on these things, my attention was suddenly arrested by the appearance of a young woman lying in the opposite bed. She was about five-and-twenty, and evidently in the last stage of consuming illness; her eyes were fearfully large and hollow, her lips were vermillion-colored, her face was ashen but for two blotches of hectic. It was a common case, and yet I paused, rooted to the spot with a swift flash of conviction.

I had seen this girl's face before, and it was connected with Carl's, with Minna's, with Dr. Baumann's history.

After some minutes of intense mental concentration all became clear to me. I lived over again that memorable Christmas-eve on which Carl and I had sought shelter from a snow-storm in Schloss Schaubek. I remembered the greeting of the old steward, and the wild, beautiful face of his daughter Anni. I retraced the interminable stone-staircases, and feasted again in the dreary summer salon. I grew gay and garrulous as the wine circulated in my veins. I saw Carl's fair, girlish face shine with mirth and content. I woke suddenly from a bright mood, and found myself sitting opposite to a spectre, a dark-eyed, white-cheeked girl, dressed in ghastly bridal robes, and after long, sober years the spectre had come again. I stood in St. Thomas's Hospital on an autumn day, opposite to Anni, the steward's daughter. Poor thing, she was no longer so beautiful, no longer so spectre like, but a mere dying woman. I felt involuntary pity stealing over me, and made myself known gently.

"Is there nothing of which you stand in need?" I said. "Have you any friends whom you would wish to see?"

She gazed at first with the indifference of approaching death, and made no answer. I repeated my question soothingly—"Had she friends whom she wished to see?"

At length the words seemed to reach her brain. The dull, calm look passed from her face; a tear gathered in her eyes and dropped slowly on the coverlet.

"Friends!" she said, with the helpless wandering way of a sick child, "I have none—none; but I will tell you what I had once, if you put down your ear, close, very close it must be, since I tell you a dead secret. I had a little child. Do you hear that? A little child—a baby—born of me, my very own. It was wicked of me to have that little angel, because its father was a gentleman, and I was a peasant's daughter; but I was foolish, and thought that he would come and marry me, as he said. I told no one of what was to happen to me. I should have been so beaten, so hardly used, so scouted; and because of this the baby died. Oh, me! oh me! and I let my baby die for such trifles as these!"

She paused a minute or two, rocking her hands in meek sorrow, then whispered—

"I am happier now that it is dead. What would have become of it, poor, poor mite, and I, its mother, nowhere near? But it was not buried, you know; and that it is my grief now. What pastor would have buried a baby born so? Oh! if any one would make a little grave in the churchyard and bury my angel among the good people, I could die gladly!"

"Anni," I asked, eagerly, "who was the father of your child? How can I help you if I do not know this?"

"Bury my child," she said, with a voice of desperate entreaty. "Oh let me and its father lie in our unquiet graves! It doesn't matter for us: we are both bad. We ought not to disturb the rest of Christians who sleep well. Only put a little sod and a cross over my darling, and the angels will take it to heaven."

Whilst she was speaking Dr. Baumann entered the ward. As he approached, I thought that I had never seen him look so like Carl. He was dressed after Carl's fashion, in light loose clothes. His fair curls were blown about his brow; his eyes and lips were intent, yet expressive of a happy, undisturbed mood; his very gait betokened

a sunshiny temperament. The nurse was saying to him—

"No. 20 is a new case, Herr Doctor, and not a difficult one, as you will see."

When the Doctor drew near, I noticed a remarkable change come over the face of the dying girl. The old expression was suddenly there; all its dogged, despairing watchfulness; all its wild, wistful sorrow; and with a superhuman strength she raised herself to look at him more closely. Then a shriek, more terrible than any I had ever heard, rang through the ward, startling the poor patients into forgetfulness of pain, frightening the nurse into a call for assistance, bringing Dr. Baumann closer to the bedside.

"I murdered him," she cried, "and he comes to me on my death-bed. Away! away! Do not torment my end. Hide him from me! Oh! kind people, he is a spirit, and not flesh and blood. I—I who murdered him know that. He promised to marry me, and when he came in the storm I dressed myself in white for the wedding; but no wedding came."

She threw her arms wildly in the air, and her eyes gleamed with the light of nascent insanity. In vain the nurse endeavored to control her. Both mind and body were endowed with a force alike instantaneous and unnatural. Dying as she was, she raised herself to her feet, and continued speaking in a loud, clear voice—

"Why do you come here now, when my child is dead, and the time for marriage is gone? Where is the red spot that was on your heart? Deep, deep in the hollow wall behind your bed did you lay long, so long! Do murdered people rise so? Oh, go! go! You are still young and beautiful; but I am dying, and am no longer fit to look upon. Go, I say, and leave me here in peace!"

Whilst the poor creature still raved, Dr. Baumann drew me away with a serious air, saying that we could be of no use, and that he would explain the circumstances afterwards. But I was too impatient to be put off. Accordingly, we retired to his consulting room, where the whole mystery of Carl's disappearance and Minna's delusion was cleared up.

When Dr. Ernst Baumann had visited Schloss Schaubek, Anni, the steward's daughter, was a lovely girl of sixteen, and he had a careless, rollicking student of twenty. He took a violent fancy to her, possessed himself of her affections, and, alas! of all the poor child had to give. Then in a sudden fit of penitence swore to marry her. But a youth of twenty, especially a German youth, cannot marry just whom and when he likes. He was removed from the University, sent to Vienna to pursue his calling, and there remained for several years. When he returned home to take the office of garrison doctor at Ludwigsburg, only the chance visit to Marbach, recorded above, brought Schloss Schaubek and the poor peasant girl he had once loved, to his memory. The rest of the story can be imagined. Carl's wonderful likeness to her lover utterly deceived the already distorted reason of Anni. She imagined him come back again—his old, merry, handsome self—with never a smile or look for her; and all her past suffering, past love, and past despair, centred in one purpose—revenge.

Behind the pictured panels of the wall, exactly in the spot she described, was found a niche, or rather secret chamber, of whose existence not even Count Born had the slightest suspicion. It was Carl's grave for many and many a dreary month and year; but now he lies in a sunny slope of the blessed God's acre, and thither Minna carries immortelles and flowers every day. Poor child! she did not recover her peace of mind till a spring and summer had come and gone. Then she took heart gradually, and began to smile again.

Of all the wise and charitable physicians of my native Wurtemberg, none are to be compared with Dr. Baumann. If good works can atone for past sins, he has nothing to fear from the future. I am glad that I can end my story after all with the cheering thought of what Dr. Ernst Baumann's life is to his needy and suffering fellow-men.

☞ EXERCISE FOR CHILDREN.—Buy hoops for your boys and skipping-ropes for your girls, and when you take them for their afternoon walk, let them take them out. The best hoops are the wooden ones, to be obtained at the coopers. These, either boys or girls, may bowl with pleasure and advantage, for the running and striking are good exercises. In choosing them be careful as to size. If they are too small they induce a stooping habit in running; if too large they are unmanageable. As a rule, a hoop that comes up to the bowler's chin is full size.

☞ TREATMENT OF BULBS.—The question of cutting off flower stalks is now becoming a vexed one. Many people affirm that instead of weakening the plant by remaining it serves as a channel to disperse superfluous moisture, conducing, therefore, to a better "ripening" of the tree or root; and, besides this, it is said that each part has some office in the reconstruction of the same next year.

☞ As the pearl ripens in the obscurity of its shell, so ripens in the tomb all fame that is truly precious.

THE AUSTRIANS AT HOME.

I travelled from Munich to Vienna at night, thereby cutting sharply glances of magnificent forests scenery, and only made aware of Austrian territory by a very military demand for passports. But when daylight came, and every one shook off rugs and drowsiness, it was difficult to believe that we were not in quite another world from the fruity, beery, cabbagy little kingdom of Bavaria. This impression arose quite as much from a difference in the figures as in the background of the scenery around us. The Bavarians, though a wormy, are not a handsome race, and nothing could make them look less so than a comparison with their left-hand neighbors. Bavaria is by no means an ill-governed country; but, by the side of the Imperial Empire, many observers might imagine it to be so. No sooner do you cross the frontiers than you find yourself surrounded by evidences of a methodical, well-organized, practical government; and by a new, handsome, and distinct type of physiognomy. Dark eyes and hair, slight clearly cut—often haughty—features, a *spiritual*, vivacious expression; these are the chief characteristics of the latter—characteristics which are deteriorated in the peasant, but never obliterated. I shall not easily forget the faces of two country girls I saw from the railway carriage, when within an hour's journey of the capital. We were waiting for refreshment, which, under ordinary circumstances, means a scramble for something we seldom get, never finish, and pay double for; but, in the present instance, it was otherwise. Just beyond the platform stood a little stall, superintended by two young women, apparently sisters, with tall, graceful figures, and as pretty, intelligent, attractive faces as I remember to have seen. Quick as lightning they brought hot coffee, rolls, and cigars to the window, with an ease and charm of manner quite surprising in peasants. I had afterwards frequent occasion to note other instances in point. Do what you will, you cannot make an Austrian woman vulgar; and there are no ladies more lively, more accomplished, more charming, in fine, than those one meets in the middle-class society of Vienna. There is something akin to a prejudice in England against Austrians, for reasons which are obvious enough. This is a pity. Cultivated, sociable, eminently agreeable as they really are, there is no city one finds so pleasant, and quit so regretfully, as their capital. Of course, we must not be too anxious as to the political leanings of our acquaintances; of course we must turn from their Upper and Lower House of Parliament without very exact inquiry regarding the liberty—or non-liberty—of speech existing there: then all goes well, and we shall give Vienna and the Viennese precedence of pleasant places and people. To return to first impressions. Seen by the way, the country reminds you of a Suffolk or Norfolk farm, so great and uniform is the neatness evinced. Not an inch of bank, not a square yard of field, is suffered to look slovenly or uncared for. The lines of railway tell the same story: the stations are spacious and well-built, the cuttings and embankments are faultless, the carriages of all classes are first-rate and luxurious to a degree. Slovenliness seems a word ignored by the Austrian powers that be; for everyone knows how generally those effects are due to government vigilance, rather than to private enterprise. Anyhow, the results are good to the eyes.

Arrived at the capital, which lies in a plain, and is not striking in approach, you select a fiacre from the row of broughamlike carriages near, and prepare to pay the porters for rescuing your portmanteaus from the custom-house officials. And here a curious experience awaits you. Not wishing to be imposed upon, you change two or three five florin pieces at the *bureau de bagages*, and receive in return a bundle of dirty little scraps of paper. In answer to your look of horror, and two or three words of agitated German, the official suavely informs you that half a dozen of the scraps in question represent Austrian florins, value two shillings each, and the rest six Austrian kreutzers, value twopence!

Now, I had always looked grudgingly at the heavy silver guldens of South Germany, feeling that my bright English sovereigns went at a terrible sacrifice; but this state of things seemed ten times worse. What purse was ever capacious enough to hold three or four dozen bank-notes, even though twopenny ones? And then, to lose the pleasant jingle of loose silver in one's waistcoat pocket was no ordinary deprivation. It had to be endured, however. During a residence of some months in Vienna, I never saw a single silver or gold coin of the realm in circulation. You pay your cabman with a dozen screws of greasy paper; you tip the omnibus-conductor with a twopenny bank-note; you pay the house-porter in the same way if you return home after ten o'clock; you throw a *bank note* to the beggar at the church door! You see the market women counting up their paper money when their fruit stalls are emptied; you see the charitable dropping it into the crimson collecting bags in the churches;—on every side crop up evidences of the critical state of Austrian finance.

And here a curious speculation occurs. So eagerly is foreign coin received, and especially English, that the rate of profit on exchange is most exorbitant. A few years ago it reached so high as fifty per cent., and last year it stood at five-and-twenty. It is easy, therefore, to calculate the advantage obtained by the very few English residents in Vienna in receipt of large incomes from England; and, supposing an income proportionately large, one might live on the profit of exchange, *i. e.*, on nothing! Thus, if you received two thousand a year, you would get two thousand five hundred from your Austrian banker; and so on, *ad infinitum*. Let us hope, however, for the sake of the nation, that this state of things will soon pass away. Of course, for Austrians who travel abroad, the loss is frightful.

"I should go to London and see the Industrial Exhibition," said many Viennese to me; "but when we travel we must pay in silver, and that ruins us!"

I have said that the approach to Vienna is not striking; but every one must be impressed with the first appearance of the city within the ramparts, less, however, from its construction and embellishment than from its life and coloring. For these two specialities it ranks, indeed, first of any European capital. The streets blaze with color and animation from morning to night; they are not handsome,—narrow, on the contrary, ill paved and irregular, utterly unadorned with trees; and, from their narrowness and the extreme height of the houses, almost inaccessible to the sun. But the brightly-painted shutter signs of the shops, the gay ice tents in the Graben, the vivid and varied stream of population, the change of costume, and, lastly, the perfect whiteness of the walls and intense blue of the sky, setting off all—this makes a picture pleasant to look upon.

The shop-signs are sometimes really artistic, and otherwise strike the stranger from their novelty. On every shutter is a representation of the choicest articles sold within. The milkman displays a sketch of hills, pastures, *chalet*, and milkmaid; the toymaker, an assemblage of dolls, rocking horses, whips, and balls; the glove-maker, a gigantic glove, with tapering fingers; the milliner, a full-length Parisienne in the newest toilette of the Boulevard des Italiens; the confectioner, a feast of cakes, ices, fruit, and syrups, set off by crystal vases and flaming drapery, &c., &c.

Then the moving part of the street is as variegated as a kaleidoscope. Every fifth man is a soldier, and the military dress of Austria is cheerful beyond description, being white faced with every color under the sun. The civil uniforms are as numerous; postmen, house-porters, footmen, gendarmes, out-door servants and in-door servants—all have their colors. Even the horses are not allowed to wear sober harness, but must be adorned with high collars and tassels of blue, green, orange, red, or purple. Lastly, the fair Viennese display the greatest amount of taste combined with the greatest possible amount of color. There is this to be said—that all colors match well with bright vivacious eyes, dark hair and clear shelly-pink complexions—the characteristics of Austrian beauty.

When the stranger grows accustomed to these brilliant effects, other specialities of street life cannot fail to attract his notice. Foremost of these is the frequent transfer of stage decoration from one theatre to another (another result of governmental management)—the convenient windows through which agile lovers or plotters make their escape; the storm and forest scenes, with those wonderful alleys down which glide spirits dressed, as dress-makers say, "in mull-muslin;" salons of princes and throne-rooms of kings:—in fine, all the splendid "*scenis decora alta futuris*" are displayed to the vulgar eye, in open carts, weather wet or fine.

A curious arrangement exists regarding butchers' shops. One might almost begin and end the subject by saying—"there are no butchers' shops in Vienna," since you may wander the length and breadth of the city without discovering any. But go at early morning to the market-places in the oldest quarters, and you see an assemblage of little stalls, or moveable shops, each decorated by a fringe of offal, and surrounded by cooks and *haus fraus* bargaining. Go to the same place at noon, and shops, offal, seller and customers have vanished into thin air! This strange metamorphosis arises from a stringent police prohibition against any meat being sold after twelve o'clock; and woe be to the prodigal son, therefore, who returns to the bosom of his family at unheard-of hours, fondly expecting a chop! For love nor money are impromptu dinners to be had.

Here is another idiosyncrasy of street life. Long ago with us, Heaven be praised, dogs have been released from horses' work, but in Vienna, otherwise so admirably and effectually *policed*, this reformation still remains to be done. I have seen dozens of fine noble creatures doing regular work as bakers' drudges, and must say, at a risk of being considered as too presuming on canine sagacity, that every one of them looked degraded by it. Of stray dogs—Bohemians, in fact—the police are careful enough. Every night a cart drives through the city to pick up all stragglers, and naturally the more experienced vagabonds get to know the sound of the wheels, and make their escape.

Of all people the Austrians are the most sociable, and of all societies that of Vienna is the most attractive. So many and various elements combine to form these two results, that it behoves us to specialize the particular ones in question. First of all, what is the proper meaning of good society? Why is it desirous that we should be sociable—that is to say, in frequent intercourse with our *semblables*? Surely, good society must mean an assemblage of cultivated, intelligent, and well-bred people—people able to amuse and be amused, perforce teach and be taught. As to the last question, who can doubt that we should speedily lose all instincts of humanity if left to ourselves? The contemptible fact of gossip-mongers being supported and enjoyed in country towns, confirms this opinion. To *live*, we must have friction of mind and mind, fresh ideas brought from the outer world like healthful frosty air into the close atmosphere of the family parlor. In all large cities we naturally rub off individual angularities; but in Vienna, of most others, is sociability carried to perfection. Every one who has spent a season in Paris, knows how short and animated appear the weekly receptions in the Chaussee D'Antin or the Faubourg St. Germain; what inexhaustibly lively discussions people hold; what small things call forth argument; what little effort is necessary to keep up the general flow of spirits and talk. But the Parisians are satisfied with mere chatting, they seldom care to converse. In the salons of Vienna, you are always certain to find first-rate music and good conversation. Discussion is not a mere battle-door and shuttlecock game of words, but an earnest and thoughtful contest of ideas. Politics, as an individual property, is of course ignored as a part of the outlying world, not over-frequently handled; and the Austrians are not an especially literary nation, so that their minds are freer to embrace other and more general subjects. I think I may safely affirm, of every well educated Viennese, artistic feelings and a wonderfully lively interest in all that takes place beyond his own sphere. Music, painting, and the drama, form part and parcel of his daily life, whilst the condition and fluctuating events of other nations offer frequent subjects of thought and inquiry.

As an instance of this, I remember the effect produced in homely, albeit intelligent, little circles of my acquaintance, by the great prize fight between Sayers and Heenan, all the particulars of which were entered into and argued upon with as much eagerness as by ourselves. Go with me to an evening party and judge for yourself whether Austrian society is desirable or not. About seven o'clock you enter the salon where the guests are assembling, ladies in demi-toilette, gentlemen dressed as suits their pleasure. Tea or *Abendessen* is spread on the table ready, but the master of the house is not yet home from his *cafe*, and the hostess proposes a little music. There is no ceremony of persuading to the piano. Every one is capable and willing to take part in the evening's amusement, the gentlemen invariably accompanying the ladies. By the time two or three chorales or duets have been performed, the father of the family comes in with a kindly hand-shake and a "Gruss Gott" to his guests; then all sit down to table. Fresh rolls, tea and coffee, ham and sweet biscuits, are arranged on the snowy white cloth, and a fine napkin and caraffe of iced water assigned to each person. Beer and wine stand on the sideboard for the gentlemen.

The meal is dawdled over, and seems made for the ladies only, men seldom eating after the three o'clock dinner. It seems rather contradictory, but though the Austrians are the politest people in the world next to the French, they invariably allow the hostess to wait upon her guests. We should hardly credit our senses if we saw Englishmen allowing their friend's wife to go round the table with a plate of confectionery like Mary the housemaid: in Vienna such feelings must be indulged in silently. Tea over, the married ladies bring out their knitting and chat over household topics, the play, the Prater, and the Court; the young people cluster round the piano; cards, bagatelle, and other amusements are proposed; every one is animated, amused, and in his element. We are surprised when the wife or daughter of the house comes round to us a few hours later with chocolate, cream, or *patisserie*, and declare to her that never evening went so fast. Yet all evenings are of the same pattern elsewhere. Dulness and insipidity are words ignored in Austrian drawing-rooms.

I must say a word or two about their amateur music. The Germans are a musical nation, but the Austrians are a nation of musicians, *voila tout!* One might fancy there was some peculiar organization of the ear to account for so exclusive a gift, talent, or instinct, call it what you may—exclusive it certainly is in degree. What stolidity is to the Germans, what brilliancy to the French, what *pluck* to the English, is musical genius to the Austrian. Let any lover of the best music go to Vienna and judge for himself. He will find young ladies of good family singing solos in the churches on Sunday, and feeling nowise degraded by such a voluntary service. He will see business men sit down to the piano in the evening and refresh themselves after their city work, that way; if he goes into the churches during high mass he must elbow his way amongst a crowd of rich and poor; if he visits the Prater or the Volksgarten he will find every out-door orchestra surrounded by a delighted audience; if he is fortunate enough to obtain access to any of the singing societies held weekly, he cannot help feeling surprise at the number, and good standing, and carefully developed talent of the members.

When the spring season of dinners, balls and concerts has passed away, when the pavements grow hot under the feet and the air blows sultrily from the hills, every one "goes out of town." Towards the end of May the general movement begins. Fiacres are seen hastening towards the railway station; wagons stand at the doors laden and being laden with beds and sofas: friends drop in to pay farewell visits; the children are furnished with bathing dresses; every one more or less partakes in the general movement.

Gmunden, Ischl, and many other spots in the lovely Austrian Tyrol, are the favorite resorts; but the majority of middle-class families hire unfurnished villas a few miles from Vienna, the wives and children almost living out of doors, the husbands and fathers going to the city daily by omnibus, and catching breaths of country air at night.

The environs of Vienna are lovely—mountainous, verdant, and picturesque; but the villages are maddlesome, not to say dirty, with mud cottages, and refuse heaps here and there. The villas are white, square, and uniform, but there is this distinction, that the well kept ones belong to private owners, whilst those that have handsome draperies in the upper windows, and miserably grimy children playing in the court below, are let to all classes of lodgers, peasants tenanting the ground floor as in Vienna.

No people more thoroughly enjoy "out of town" life, however; music and sociability are never wanting in the evenings, and the children have their full share of pleasure. I remember a pleasant visit made by myself to a country house at Dobling, about an hour's journey from the city. Passing through two long streets, unpaved and dusty, with monotonous rows of white houses, smart above and slovenly below, I found myself in a little court filled with piles of wood, rubbish, and furniture. The house door stood open, thereby affording me a pleasant glimpse of shrubbery and turf; and brushing past two or three old women plucking geese in the entrance, I came upon a delightful picture of family enjoyment. The children were playing under the trees, the papa was dancing baby on the table, the mamma read aloud to him from "Jane Eyre;" all was at it should be in domestic life—innocence, and gaiety, and content.

By-and-bye two or three acquaintances come in, bachelors who are glad to leave their lonely chambers in the scorching city, or occupiers of the neighboring villa. We chat over iced wine till twilight, when tea awaits us indoors; our host plays us Beethoven's moonlight sonata as the moon rises over the hills; the young people busy themselves with lessons at a side table; and thus the evening passes. The whole family accompany us to the omnibus; we hear many a cherry "*Gute Nacht*" at starting, and in less than an hour, alight under the shadow of St. Stefan's.

One question is apt to puzzle strangers. You may have opportunities of observing various phases of Austrian society, but in none are lovers to be found. Neither in tea-parties nor in pic-nics, neither in theatres nor in promenades, do you discover a young couple foolishly and unmistakeably in love with each other, perhaps arm-in arm, certainly very close together, often silly, always happy, living, in fine, perspectively the desired state of matrimony.

Are there, then, no lovers in Vienna? I dare not give a bold negative, although the state of the case might well warrant me in doing so. The fact is, marriages are made by parental contract, and however much the young couple may adore each other, they are not allowed to exhibit their feelings. They are never alone, indeed, till after the wedding,—a nuisance to the brothers and sisters, as may be supposed. This supervision is called *playing elephant*, and a lady once narrated to me the miseries attendant on such a custom.

"I have seen all my sisters and friends married," she said dolefully,—"nearly twenty of them; and to each I have played elephant in turn. It was very bad for me when they used to kiss: where could I look—what could I do, so as not to appear more foolish than themselves?"

No young lady can walk in the streets alone; another social mistake, resulting in the same effects that we observe in Parisian life. A girl of eighteen, married, has twice the privileges of a single woman of thirty five; consequently, in the upper circles, where the *marriage de convenance* system is most stringently carried out, we find husbands and wives living utterly apart, each having lovers, pleasures, and pursuits of their own. I believe the married life of the middle classes to be happy.

☞ A Charleston (S. C.) paper says that if Gen. Bragg was near the gates of heaven, and invited in, at the critical moment he would fall back.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF YORK.

An interesting and amusing anecdote of the Archbishop of York is going the round of the London clubs. Dr. Thompson, before his elevation to the See of York, had been suffering from severe toothache, and it was pronounced necessary to remove the offending member. It was proposed to alleviate the suffering by chloroform. Now the Bishop's wife, a most amiable but somewhat timid person, was very averse to this; she greatly admired her husband's well known mental powers, and could not divest her mind of the idea that chloroform had an injurious effect upon the brain. But the Bishop, notwithstanding her urgent remonstrances, decided on employing the sedative; the dose was administered, the tooth painlessly extracted, and the parties returned home. The prelate had recovered his usual health, when shortly afterwards a letter was delivered to him from the Premier, offering to his acceptance the Archbishopric of York. He could not resist the impetus of at once communicating the intelligence to the sharer of his joys and sorrows; so in rather an excited manner, entering her apartments, he exclaimed, "I am Archbishop of York!" The poor lady was sadly disconcerted; she felt assured that her worst fears were realised, and that he had become seriously affected in his mind. "Ah!" she exclaimed, "I told you so; I knew how it would be; that horrid chloroform! Go and lie down, and compose yourself." "Indeed, my dear," replied the Bishop, "the news is true." But she could not be divested of her impression until the letter was put into her hands, and it became her pleasant duty to congratulate her husband on his well merited promotion, and possibly to yield somewhat of her rooted prejudice against one of the most valuable discoveries of recent days in diminishing human sufferings under severe surgical operations.—*Clerical Journal.*

☞ Sidney Smith wrote characteristically to Moore, "By the beard of the prelate of Canterbury, I swear that I had rather hear you sing, than any person I ever heard in my life, male or female. For what is your singing but *beautiful poetry floating in fine music and guided by exquisite feeling?*"

☞ MISTAKEN FOR AN AMBASSADOR.—A correspondent, writing from Paris, says: "I hope it may never fall to the lot of your readers to be mistaken for an ambassador, as happened to a friend of mine yesterday. He arrived at an hotel, which to injure no vested interests, I will call L'Hotel Enorme, and being half asleep, asked for a bedroom. It was six A. M., and he went to bed and to sleep. When he awoke he found himself lying in state in a crimson satin bed, the room lighted up by many bougies, and quite a vista of looking glass reflected and re-reflected his astonished face. He rose and found baths prepared in a dressing-room fitted up like a lady's boudoir, and, finally, breakfast arranged on a small table in the midst of a vast saloon, bright with mirrors and splendid with gold and crimson. Alarmed he rang the bell. 'Waiter, where am I?' 'Hotel Enorme, votre excellence, au premier.' 'And the price?' asked my friend. 'Oh, a bagatelle, as son excellence will see by the tariffe.' He looked, and found it was 200f. 'Why put me here?' 'I thought monsieur was an ambassador. We always put them au premier.' 'Ambassador! why?' 'Because monsieur wore a black coat.'"

☞ Dr. Linon, of Verviers, France, cures varicose veins with compresses dipped in a solution of percholoride of iron—from 6 to 16 grammes to half a pound of water.

☞ Truly great men never become vulgarly intimate with each other. They sit apart as the gods; talking from peak to peak all round Olympus.

☞ Swift said that the reason a certain university was a learned place, was, that most persons took some learning there, and few brought any away with them, so it accumulated.

☞ WHAT ISN'T COFFEE.—A correspondent agrees with the opinion that no beverage except that made from grapes, should be called wine, and desires that a similar rule be applied to coffee. He says peas, beans, chicory, dandelion roots, etc., burned and artfully mixed, may make good medicine, but they do not yield coffee. He should have proposed a name for the substitutes. How would the term "Mockoffee" answer?—*American Agriculturist.*

☞ "Arrah, me darlint," cried Jamie O'Flanigan to his loquacious sweetheart, who had given him no opportunity of answering her remarks during a two hours' ride behind the little bay nags in his oyster wagon—"are yer afther knowing why yer cheeks are like my ponies there?" "Shure, and its because they're red, is it?" quoth the blushing Bridget. "Faith and a better reason than that, mavourneen. Because there is one of them each side of a waggin' tongue!"

☞ "I love to look upon a young man. There is a hidden potency concealed within the breast which charms and pains me." A daughter of a clergyman happening to find the above sentence at the close of a piece of her father's manuscript as he had left it in his study, sat down and added: "Them's my sentiments exactly, papa, all but the 'pains.'"

☞ Whoso bathes his hand in blood, must wash it with tears.—*German Proverb.*

SANITARY COMMISSION DEPARTMENT

WOMEN'S PENNSYLVANIA BRANCH, 1307 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

MR. CALEB COPE, *Treasurer*, *N. E. Corner Sixth and Minor St., Phila.*

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Mrs. LATHROP.
Miss M. M. DUANE.
Mrs. PHOEBE M. CLAPP, *Assts. Sec.*
} Ex-Officio.

THE GREAT FAIR.

A general desire seems to be awakening through Pennsylvania as well as in some parts of New Jersey and Delaware, (which now indeed belong to the Pennsylvania Branch of the Sanitary Commission), that a Fair should be held here on a large and effective scale, for the benefit of the general cause. If this design is carried out, as seems likely to be the case, we feel sure that Pennsylvania will be in no degree behind her sister States of the North and West, in the energy and liberality with which she will respond to an appeal which comes home so closely to every humane and loyal heart.

The first conception and execution of a Fair on such an immense scale, belongs with us, to the people of Chicago; among whom two ladies, women of high cultivation, of devoted loyalty, and of indomitable energy, stand nobly conspicuous; and the result of their exertions furnishes a standing proof of the vast amount of good which may be effected by a few well-qualified and thoroughly devoted persons. One of these ladies, with whom it was lately our privilege to be associated for a time, favored us with various interesting details as to their manner of working, which we should be glad every woman in Pennsylvania could hear. One little incident may be worth relating here, as showing how much one woman can do in a short time, when her heart is in the work before her. Mrs H——, of Chicago, wrote to a friend in Pittsburg:—"Our great Fair will be held here in three weeks. What can you do for us in Pittsburg?" Miss M. replied, that she, for one, would do all she could; and so effectual were her exertions, that in less than the three weeks prescribed, she and her friends forwarded to Chicago two freight cars of *twenty tons each*—packed with goods of every description—fine cut glass and china, dry goods, plated-ware, woolen work, knit and woven, and countless other articles contributed as donations from all kinds and classes of people. The articles given, varied in size and value from a pin-cushion up to a steam engine. One gentleman answered Miss M.'s appeal by the present of a steel breach-loading cannon; another sent "the largest sheet of iron ever rolled in the world." These latter articles were of course not included in the two car loads, but were sent on trucks separately. The working men in one of the factories, made and contributed a large steam engine; the farmers sent long trains of wagons loaded down with produce, "poultry, eggs, vegetables, grain, flour, great loads of hay from many miles distance, and butter and cheese *by the ton*;" the mechanics gave machines, ploughs and reapers, and threshing machines, and stoves, and pumps, and countless other things, till a new building had to be erected to receive them. The merchants and tradesmen sent block-tin, hides, leather, boxes of stationery, books by the case, cologne by the barrel, native wine in casks, and purified coal oil by the thousand gallons.

The loyal women worked day and night, and sent case after case of knit garments and needle-work; and all, in fact, without distinction of age or sex, threw themselves with earnest hearts into the work they had undertaken, and achieved, as they deserved to do, a splendid success.

Cannot we do as much in Pennsylvania? We have the means, and we have the patriotism here—surely the *energy* will not be wanting! Let the women of our State try, in humane and generous rivalry, to out do even their sisters of Chicago; and let our men, who have already responded so nobly to the demand their country has made on them, come forward freely now, to the help of their sons and brothers suffering and dying on fresh-fought battle-fields, and in rough field-hospitals far away, where poor and scanty aid can reach them, and where they may else sink and perish for want of the succors we might help to send them now.

We are often asked whether we prefer money or supplies, by those connected with aid societies. We greatly prefer that our Auxiliary or Contributing Aids should reserve their money for the purchase of material, sending us garments when made. Sometimes the objection is raised of the high price of material. We are prepared to furnish Societies working for us, with flannel and other goods at the lowest market rates. We have been able to send through the winter, a most excellent quantity of flannel at 43 and 47½ cents per yard, purchased by the bale at that price.

When Societies do not rely solely upon monthly contributions for their funds, but have by some festival raised a larger amount than they can make use of, and choose to devote a portion to our treasury, such sums are always welcome.

We have received since our fire, a most opportune and generous donation of $250 from the Lumberton Soldier's Aid, through their President, Mr. S. W. Doughten, which sum was part of the proceeds of a supper given at that place.

We have been greatly encouraged in our work by the liberal spirit and prompt and energetic action of the people of New Jersey, to whom we have appealed for assistance since the lower and middle counties of that State have been added to our Section.

Since writing the above, we have received, through Mrs. Samuel Leiper and Miss Felton, our Associate Managers for Delaware County, the sum of $1,700—proceeds of a Fair and Concert held at Chester. If such are the results of a town Fair, what may we not expect from the united exertions of the towns and counties throughout Pennsylvania, portions of New Jersey, and Delaware, in behalf of the great Fair to be held in this city for the Sanitary Commission? Surely $100,000 is not too high a sum to aim at!

The "American Messenger," under the heading "Work for Christian Women," says, "We have many Florence Nightingales in spirit, who have been called out by the very necessities of this war. To those who have read the published letters of Mrs. Harris, Secretary of the Philadelphia Ladies' Aid Society, or the little tract called "Three Weeks at Gettysburg," (written by a lady connected with the U. S. Sanitary Commission,) or the reports from local societies east and west, and among the freedmen of the south, we can appeal to bear testimony to the truth of this statement. There are noble women in America who have asserted their right to do and to suffer in their country's cause. And though individual names may not be widely known, their work has not been in vain. It is the uniform witness of those who, as chaplains, army missionaries, or members of the Christian Commission, have had most experience in the field and hospital, that "eternity alone can reveal the amount of good achieved during the progress of the war by Christian women; and officers of the Western Sanitary Commission say that a large part of what religious influence has been exerted in our hospitals, has been done by the true faithful women nurses, and volunteer visitors, who have been like mothers and sisters in kindness, and like apostles in zeal."

DONATIONS.

CALEB COPE, TREASURER OF THE United States Sanitary Commission, (Philadelphia branch), office of the Philadelphia Saving Fund Society, acknowledges the receipt of the following contributions since the last report:

Samuel Powell (additional)	$500 00
Church of the Nativity, Bethlehem, Pa., per Rev E. N. Potter	52 00
J. M. Hadleigh (additional)	25 00
Proceeds of the sale of Expr's Wg'ns	190 07
A. M. Herkness	17 43
John S. Penrose (additional)	10 00
M. W. (additional)	100 00
Dr. Cooper, New Castle, Delaware	10 00
Wain, Leaming & Co. (additional)	50 00
Methodist Episcopal Ch. at Emilie, Bucks county, Pa.	3 80
Proceeds of a fair held by six young ladies of Philadelphia	52 13
Miss Elizabeth Rhodes (additional)	100 00
Part proceeds of a ladies' fair, Carlisle, Pa., per Miss Eden Irving, Secretary	150 00
Insurance Company of State of Pennsylvania (additional)	100 00
	1,358 92
Previously reported	122,539 71
Total	$123,898 63

PHILADELPHIA, Monday, Jan. 25th, 1864.

The Women's Penn. Branch, United States Sanitary Commission, also acknowledges the receipt of the following donations in hospital supplies since the last report:—

Aid Society, Charlestown, Chester co., Pa., Moses King, Pres., 1 pkg.; Ladies' Aid, Weldon, Montgomery co., Mrs. Russel Smith, Sec'y, 3 pkgs.; Mrs. Hopkins, 1 pkg.; three ladies, Gwynedd, Montgomery co, 1 pkg.; Ladies' Aid, Northumberland, H. Jenkins, Sec'y, 1 box; Soldiers' Aid, Montrose, Susquehanna co., Miss Ellen Searle, Sec'y, bbl. No. 43; Soldiers' Aid, Mifflintown, Juniata co., Miss Carrie Stombaugh, Sec'y, 1 box; Ladies' Aid, Lower Providence, Montgomery co., Pa., Mrs. Maria Allen, Sec'y, boxes No. 6, 7, 8; Ladies' Aid, Byberry, Jane Hillbone, Sec'y, 1 bbl.; Ladies' Aid, Jacobstown, Ocean co., Miss Emily Woodward, Sec'y, 1 pkg.; a lady friend, 1 pkg.; St. Mark's church, Mrs. E. Tilgeman, Sec'y, 1 pkg.; Ladies' Aid, May's Landing, Atlantic co., N. J., Miss Mary Taylor, Sec'y, 1 box; School Lane Circle, Mrs. Warner Johnson, Sec'y, 1 pkg; Germantown Hospital, empty bbls, and boxes; Ladies' Aid, New London, Chester co., Miss R. J. Conard, Sec'y, 1 box; Vaughan Sewing Circle, woolen shirts; All-Saints' church, Torresdale, Mrs. Grant, Sec'y, 1 pkg.; Franklin Centre, Susquehanna co., 1 bbl.; Mullica Hill, Aid Society, N. J., Miss L. S. Atkinson, Sec'y, 1 box; Mrs. E. P. Thompson, Ashland, Schuylkill co., 1 box; Mrs. Lennig, 1 pkg.; Mrs. Lewis C. Norris, 1 pkg.; Soldiers' Relief, Holy Trinity church, Mrs. Wm. Bucknell, Sec'y, 4 pkgs.; Ladies' Aid, Wellsboro', Tioga co., Pa., Lucy E. Moore, Sec'y, box No. 15; Ladies' Aid, Milton, Northumberland co., S. N. Dougal, Sec'y, 1 box; Ladies' Aid, N. and E. Coventry, Pottstown, Montgomery co., Pa., Mrs Oliver Wells, Sec'y, 1 box; Mrs. Miller and Miss Wendenhall, Berwick, Columbia co., Pa., Miss Meringer, Sec'y, 1 box; Soldiers' Aid, Tamaqua, Schuylkill co., Pa., R. R. McCabe, Sec'y, boxes 38 and 39; Ladies' Aid, Columbia, Lancaster co., Pa., 1 box; Mrs. Wm. H. Brown, Brighton, Chester co., Pa., 1 box, 1 bag, 1 pkg; Ladies' Aid, Friendsville, Susquehanna co., Pa., Mrs. Dr. Leet, Sec'y, 1 bbl.; Ladies' Aid, Stroudsburg, Monroe co., Anna M. Stokes, Sec'y, 2 kegs; Aid Society, St. James's church, Miss Green, Sec'y, 2 pkgs.

NOVEL EXHIBITION OF HORSEMANSHIP.—Mr. Rockwell, of Boston, gave a novel exhibition on the Common, in that city, on the 29th ult. He caused two horses, which were harnessed to a buggy, to be divested of bridles, breeching and reins, and, with a long whip in hand, took his seat on the carriage, and commenced driving about with absolutely no other means of control over the animals than we have described. The operation of going in a straight direction, turning, shearing, backing and halting, were all performed in rapid succession, and that, too, in a manner so admirable as to command the unqualified praise of the bystanders. Next came the exhibition of a single horse in the same way, and with this the performance closed. The exhibition was something altogether unique and interesting, tending to show a new development of the power of man over the noblest of animals, and a new art in acquiring that power.

ANOTHER curious story of Jeff Davis, given on authority, relates that "Jeff Davis's son, by his slave girl Catharine, was in the Federal service on board of one of our gunboats on the Mississippi for several months—a likely mulatto. Among the letters of Jeff, taken at his house by our Illinois troops, there was a batch of quarrelsome epistles between Jeff and Mrs. Davis touching this old flame, Catharine. Mrs. Davis upbraided her husband bitterly. I have this story from one of the highest officers in the squadron, who had the negro Jeff on board his gunboat, and who himself read the letters and suppressed them."—*Army Correspondent.*

EXPLORATION OF A WONDERFUL CAVE—A recent exploration has been made of a wonderful and beautiful cavern, called Fisher's Cave, on the Southwest Branch of the Pacific Railroad. We are assured, by the author of the report, that the cave is more marvellous than the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky, being richer in the fantastic incrustations that decorate its walls and ceilings, and more thickly studded with grotesque stalactites, stalagmites, and similar formations. This remarkable cavern will yet become a favorite summer resort for our citizens.—*St. Louis Republican.*

OFFICERS NOT CREDITED ON STATE QUOTAS.—The question whether officers re-entering the military service will be credited to the quotas demanded of the several states by the President's call, the Assistant Provost Marshal General at Elmira, New York, answers it in the negative, as follows, under date of the 21st ult.:

"I am directed by the Provost Marshal General to inform you that officers are not credited as a part of a quota, nor are they entitled to a bounty. They do not enlist and cannot enlist, but serve by special commission, with certain defined privileges of rank and compensation. Bounty is always considered to be a gratuity or special payment for enlisting, not for accepting a commission."

☞ The world has a million of roosts for a man, but only one nest.

A LEGACY.

MY DARK DAYS ARE OVER.
MY DARK DAYS ARE OVER.

"The golden rays of promised light have dawned upon my desolate heart: the cheerless, hopeless agony of an hitherto miserable existence has passed away with the legacy of entailed infirmities transmitted by a kind, indulgent parent. For thirty years I have suffered with Scrofula, and its horrible train of concomitants, Sores, Ulcers, Weak Eyes, Strumous discharges from the Ears, Swollen Joints, Sore Head, Sore Legs, have been my daily companions from my earliest recollection. This rich legacy I inherited from my parents. I have used almost every advertised remedy in both hemispheres, without success. I at last resorted to Radway's Renovating Resolvent. Five bottles have eradicated every trace of disease from my system. Life has new charms I knew not of. Oh, how happy it is to live free from disease. Until I used the Renovating Resolvent I felt no friendship for my fellow beings, saw no good in anything: but with my body free from the horrid sores, and my system invested with blessed health, this existence is a Paradise. My dark days are over! H. R. W."

Let none despair: one to six bottles of Radway's Renovating Resolvent will cure the worst forms of Scrofula, Chronic Diseases of the Glands, Skin Sores, Ulcers, Tumors, Salt Rheum, Rickets, Pimples; Blotches, &c. Price $1,00 per bottle.

RADWAY & Co., 87 Maiden Lane, New York.
"Sold by Druggists."

COUGHS AND COLDS.—Those who are suffering from Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, &c., should try "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*," a simple remedy which has relieved thousands, and which is in almost every case effectual.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL—There has been very little export demand for Flour. About 10,000 bbls found buyers in lots at $6,25@6,50 for common and good superfine, $6,75@7,25 for extras, $7,25@7,75 for extra family, and $8 for high grade do, and $8,50@10 ₽ bbl for fancy brands, as in quality. Rye Flour is selling at $6,50 ₽ bbl. Corn Meal remains unchanged. Buckwheat is steady at $3,50 the 100 lbs.

GRAIN—The demand for Wheat is less active. Sales reach about 45,000 bus, mostly reds, at $1,60@1,70 for common to prime. Of white the sales have been limited at $1,80@1,95, the latter for Kentucky. Rye is lower, sales at $1,25@1,30. Corn—About 30,000 bus yellow have been taken at $1,08@1,10 in store, and $1,09@1,11 afloat. Oats are unchanged and dull, with sales of 25,000 bus Pennsylvania at 86@87c the latter for heavy. Barley and Malt are dull at previous rates.

PROVISIONS—Sales of new Mess Pork at $22@22,50 ₽ bbl; old is held at $19@20¼; Dressed Hogs at $8,75@9 the 100 lbs. Of Beef the sales have been limited at $12@17 for country and city mess. Beef Hams are held at $21. A sale of fancy bagged hams was made at $15½c. Green Meats, sales of hams in pickle at $12¾@13c ₽ lb, and shoulders in salt at 8¾@9c. Lard, 1500 packages sold at 13½@14c for bbls and tierces, and 14½@15½c for kegs. Butter, prices range at 20@30c for common to good and choice Pennsylvania and Ohio; 27@32c for roll, and 30@35c for Goshen, the latter for fancy dairy. Cheese is firm at 13@16c for Ohio and New York. Eggs, 33@35 ₽ dozen.

COTTON—Sales comprise 350 bales, in small lots at from 75 to 80c for ordinary to good middling quality, cash.

ASHES are firm at previous quotations.

BARK—About 50 hhds Quercitron found buyers at $37 for 1st No 1. Tanners' Bark is high.

BEESWAX—Yellow is worth 51@52c ₽ lb.

COAL—Prices are unsettled and we quote at $7@7¼ ₽ ton for Schuylkill.

COFFEE—Sales are limited to a few small lots, at 32@35c for Rio, and 34c for Laguayra, cash and time.

COPPER—Yellow Metal is steady, at 36c for sheets, and 37c for bolts.

FEATHERS—Western commands 60@63c ₽ lb.

FRUIT—Green Apples sell at $3@3¼, and Cranberries at $8@12 ₽ bbl. For Dried Fruit the demand is fair at 13@15c for Unpared Peaches, and 9@9½c ₽ lb for Apples.

HAY is selling at $25@28 ₽ ton.

HOPS meet with a fair demand at 28@33c.

IRON—Sales of 4000 tons Anthracite Pig Metal are reported at $44@46, mostly at $45 for No 1. Forge is selling at $40@44 ₽ ton. Of Scotch Pig small sales are making at $50, cash. For Manufactured Iron there is a very good inquiry.

LEAD—Galena is held at $11,50 the 100 lbs.

LUMBER is firm; sales of Hemlock rafts at $16, for Joist and Scantling, and $19@20 for Boards. Lehigh Boards are quoted at $31@33, and White Pine at $30 ₽ M.

MOLASSES—The market is firm.

PLASTER is scarce, and worth $5 ₽ ton.

RICE—Market quiet at 8@8¼c.

SEEDS—Sales of 3000 bus Cloverseed, in lots, at $8,50@9. Sales of 1900 bus Timothy at $3,50@3,75 ₽ bus. Flaxseed sales of 4000 bus at $3,25@3,32 ₽ bus.

SPIRITS—Sales of Brandy from the wharf at $5 30@5,40 for Rochelle; $6,50@7,50 for Cognac, and $3@3,50 for Gins. N E Rum is held at $1,05@1,07.

SUGARS—Sales of 600 hhds raw are reported at 13@13½c for Cuba and 13¾@15½c for New Orleans.

TALLOW is firm but quiet at 12@12¼c for city rendered.

TOBACCO is quiet but firm.

WOOL in small lots at from 73 to 75c for mixed and low fleece, 78 to 80c for medium, and 81@83c for fine, including tub at 81@85c, the latter for extra quality.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1300 head. The prices realized were from $8 to 13 ₽ 100 lbs. 200 Cows brought from $30 to 36 ₽ head. 4000 Sheep were sold at from 7 to 7½c ₽ lb gross. 1450 Hogs brought from $9 to 11,50 ₽ 100 lbs.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of
S. DEXTER, 113 Nassau St., N. Y.
SINCLAIR TOUSEY, No. 121 Nassau St., N. Y.
HENRY TAYLOR, Sun Iron Building, Baltimore.
A. WILLIAMS & CO., 100 Washington St., Boston.
HENRY MINER, Nos. 71 & 73 Fifth St., Pittsburg.
JOHN P. HUNT, Masonic Hall, Pittsburg.
GEO. N. LEWIS, 98 West Sixth St., Cincinnati.
A. GUNTER, No. 99 Third St., Louisville, Ky.
JOHN R. WALSH, Chicago, Ill.
McNALLY & CO., Chicago, Illinois.
JAMES M. CRAWFORD, St. Louis, Missouri.

Periodical dealers generally throughout the United States have it for sale.

☞ EXTRAORDINARY BATTUE.—A *battue* of an extraordinary character has just taken place in the sewers of Paris. Taking advantage of the frost, which drives this particular game into covert, the owner invited a Christmas party to partake in the sport of rat-killing. All the great sewers were driven in one direction till millions of rats—which fought among themselves like tigers as they were hunted along—were collected in the large drain by the bridge of Asnieres. Forty dogs where then let down into the sewers, and, after a fight which lasted forty-five hours, and in which four dogs were killed and some blinded, no less than one hundred and ten thousand rats were despatched. After this, it is not unreasonable to expect that *kid* gloves will become cheaper.

☞ "I like you," said a girl to her suitor, "but I cannot leave home; I am a widow's only darling; no husband can equal my parent in kindness." "She may be kind," replied the wooer, "but be my wife—we will all live together, and see if I don't beat your mother."

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 24th of Jan., by the Rev. W. J. Mann, WILLIAM H. BANNEN, Esq., to Miss ELIZABETH A. KUHNLE, both of this city.

On the 29th of Jan., by the Rev. D. O. Johnson, Mr. ROBERT REGAN, to Miss HANNAH DENT, both of this city.

On the 6th of Sept., by the Rev. W. Cathcart, Mr. CHARLES E. SMITH, to Miss MARY A. STROCKLINE, both of this city.

On the 25th of Jan., by the Rev. Mr. Eddy, GEORGE WATERMAN, to ELIZABETH SCHOFIELD, both of this city.

On the 1st instant, by the Rev. F. T. Calhopper, Mr. WILLIAM S. WIBLE, to Miss MADGIE A. JONES, both of this city.

On the 10th of May, by the Rev. J. B. McCullough, Mr. WILLIAM NAYLOR, to Miss ANNIE E. TAYLOR, both of this city.

On the 29th of Dec., 1863, by J. G. Wilson, V. D. M., Mr. SAMUEL SOWDEN, to Miss ANNIE MILLARD, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On 3d-day morning, EDITH ELKINTON, wife of Geo. M. Elkinton, in her 63th year.

On the 3d instant, Dr. ROBERT P. THOMAS, in his 43d year.

On the 3d instant, SARAH, wife of John P. Lutz, in her 69th year.

On the 1st instant, Mrs. MARGARET THOMAS, aged 64 years.

On the 1st instant, LEWIS STOKES, in his 49th year.

On the 1st instant, Mrs. MARY HARVEY, in her 50th year.

On the 31st of Jan., Mr. JOHN KNORR, Sr., in his 76th year.

On the 31st of Jan., PETER BUCKLEY, aged 30 years.

On the 30th of Jan., Mrs. MARY K., wife of Ellis Evans, in her 65th year.

On the 30th of Jan., JAMES H. CUMMINGS, in his 33d year.

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NOTICES OF THE PRESS.

THIS volume appears without preliminary announcement, and without any accompanying efforts to catch applause. It modestly places itself upon its own intrinsic merits; and after the reader shall have perused it, he will agree with us that, although it comes unheralded, it deserves to be heartily greeted. The author is a member of the editorial profession, "who," as he truly states, "make so many reputations for others and so few for themselves." We trust the latter part of this saying is not destined to be verified in the case of Mr. Peterson, for many a poetic reputation, of temporary popularity and brilliancy, has been made upon far less merit than is here exhibited. In going through the volume, we are everywhere struck with the well-sustained excellence of its contents, and we not unfrequently meet with stanzas of the most effective power. In fact, the entire collection is marked with far more real ability than is disclosed in much of the poetry which is now-a-days so obstreperously and clamorously lauded. In its simplicity and naturalness, in the utter absence of all straining after mere verbal effect, and in the quiet, equable, and unobtrusive vein of true poetic sentiment which pervades it, the volume must be regarded as indicative of far more than ordinary ability. "The Exile's Address to America" is full of vigor of expression and loftiness of conception; "Only a Woman's Hair" is extremely touching; the sonnets are skillfully constructed; "Laurel Hill" has a local interest to Philadelphians; "Cora" is flowing and melodious; and so we might go on specifying one piece after another until the entire contents were exhausted. We heartily commend the volume as a specimen of genuine, natural, unaffected poetry.—*American Literary Gazette and Publishers' Circular.*

THAT Mr. Peterson should, amid the drudgery of his professional duties, be able to court the Muses so happily as this volume shows, is something surprising. The poems are all good; the metrical flow in all cases being musical and graceful, while the play of fancy is liberal and elegant. Most of the poems are short occasional verses, such as are suitable for the columns of a periodical. The exception is in the poem of "The Rivals," a well-sustained story in octosyllabic verse, which scarcely needed the apologetic note prefixed to it by its author. Mr. Peterson's volume deserves to have many readers.—*Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.*

THERE is a test of true poetry which most of the pieces in this volume will bear; you may read them a second time with an increasing interest. The author's fancy is chastened by reflection, and he strives to make song the eloquence of truth. We speak advisedly when we say that Mr. Peterson has given us a volume of poems with better and more enduring stuff in it than is to be found in two-thirds of the new books of poetry that have appeared in the last five years. We make two selections (Abra's Vision and The Coming Age.)—*Arthur's Home Magazine.*

THESE poems are marked by great purity of feeling, by tenderness and aspiration, sympathy for humanity and reverence for the Divine. We like particularly the poems for our time—our day of struggle, of tempest, of tumult and darkness, overarched by the deepest calm and the richest sunlight of Heaven—divine recompense waiting only on human repentance, justice and mercy. "Lyon," "Abra's Vision," "After the Battle," and "The Coming Age," are noble poems. The old readers of "The Saturday Evening Post" will heartily welcome this volume.—*Grace Greenwood in Little Pilgrim.*

THE reader will be pleased to find in these poems the same qualities which have made Mr. Peterson so many friends among the readers of his paper. He is one who is always to be found true to his convictions of right, speaking earnestly and manfully his own sentiments, instead of merely echoing the sentiments of others. He is thoroughly patriotic, many of his poems being written either to commemorate the glorious deeds of the war, or to stir up a loyal spirit in the reader. The domestic and gentle affections also are largely represented in this volume, which will meet a warm and deserved welcome in many a pleasant home.—*Sunday-School Times.*

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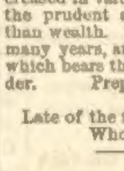

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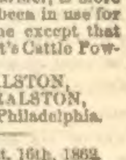

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THE FEMALE CIRCLE.

We met, 'twas in a crowd,
Her crinoline was spread;
She seemed some mighty cone,
With a dumpling for a head.

Gad! how she flew around!
And how was I amazed,
When that expanse of skirt
From off the floor she raised.

I viewed her graceful motions,
As swift she whirled about;
While the waltzers shunned her track,
As do "tars" the water-spout.

Now skimming high in air,
Upturned those hoops did go,
Displaying legs and ankle
As well as pretty toe.

Like avalanche descending
Again they sweep the floor,
Creating draft as powerful
As from an open door.

Heaven help the unlucky one
Revolving in her wake,
Who might receive the shock
If anything should break!

RULES FOR THE PRESERVATION OF HEALTH.

Wash yourself now and then.

Change your inner garments occasionally.

Chew your meat; eschew greasy gravies.

Don't chew your tobacco.

Drink as little as you choose.

Don't eat much more than your stomach will hold.

Keep your temper.

Temper your keep.

If a soldier, don't rest upon your laurels until they have been well aired.

Avoid falling out about trifles.

Fall out of windows as seldom as possible.

If your constitution requires you to sleep during the sermon, see that the sexton has an aired night-cap for you, and a hod of hot bricks to put to your feet.

Keep your mouth shut on dusty days.

Never open your mouth in frosty weather.

Close your mouth very tight when the wind blows from the east.

If your business compels you to go out before breakfast, have some breakfast first.

If it is wet under foot, house your poor feet.

Beware of the ices of Summer and the snows of Winter.

Do not swallow too many telegrams.

Keep out of the streets when gold is falling.

If the silver of advancing years is on your head, don't change it for paper.

Don't let your circulation slacken: especially if you are a newspaper man.

Use tooth-powder instead of gunpowder.

Neither sleep in hot rooms nor eat mushrooms.

Live on six nickel cents a day, but don't earn them, as some wretched speculators are doing now.

Partake sparingly of wild fowl—particularly of the "canards" that come from the army.

Violate, persistently, all the sanitary rules insisted on by *Hall's Journal of Health*.

If you cannot account for the milk in the cocoanut, do not hesitate to make free use of it.

Never eat your own words, unless you are madly desirous of giving an additional flavor to the cup of bitterness.

Should your thermometer indicate an extreme degree of cold or heat, immerse it in cold or hot water, until it arrives at a proper sense of its duty.

If you are subject to swelling, wear kid gloves next to your skin.

Rise early, before you are twenty-five, if possible.

Don't let your physique go to the dogs.

Always dress yourself with care.

Never dress your salad with cod-liver oil.

THE LANDLADY'S TAY.—Phil. McDivit loved his *tay*. In fact it was a *weakness* with him, and although he was somewhat mighty sharp, as Mrs. Mulowny said, she was still very proud of her boarder. "That's very fine tay," Phil. said, one night. "Is it Shoolong, or Yolong, or black tay, Mrs. Mulowny, or all one? It is no difference; it's the best tay I've had for this many a day. Arrah, where now did you get that tay, Mrs. Mulowny?" "At the Tay Company, ov coorse: where else?" "Do you tell me so, Mrs. Mulowny? Did ye pay tin dollars a pound, Mrs. Mulowny?" "Bad 'cess to ye, no—only one." "Only one? By the big boot, it's intirely chape. Only one dollar a pound, Mrs. Mulowny, for such tay as that! Sure, tin dollars a pound wouldn't be too much for it, it takes such *illigant hould of the second wather!*" Mrs. Mulowny shook the teapot and looked thoughtful.

☞ "SAVED."—We were amused with the remark of an old lady who was admiring the beautiful picture called "Saved." "It's no wonder," said she, "that the poor child fainted after pulling that great dog out of the water!"—*Argus.*

PAYING FOR THE SIGHT.—They've got down in Courtland county, an old farmer, noted for his greediness and his keen look-out for a spot wherein to lure a penny, honestly, or (he isn't very particular) the reverse. A while ago he succeeded by accident in raising a very large hog. It was soon noised abroad, and the people in that vicinity began to call on the old man to see the "monstrosity." A gentleman from our "town" was stopping awhile in the village, and hearing of the "porcine," and so much said about it, desired to see the sight, and having obtained directions as to the "locale," started for the spot. Arrived there, he met the old gentleman, and inquired about the "animile." "Wall, yes," the old fellow said; "he'd got sich a critter; 'mighty big 'un; but he guessed he'd have to charge him about a shillin' for lookin' at him." The stranger looked at the old man for a minute or so; pulled out the desired coin, handed it to him, and started to go off. "Hold on," says the other; "don't you want to see the hog?" "No," said the stranger: "I have seen as big a hog as *I* want to see!" and off he went.

THE EMPEROR ALEXANDER AND THE BIBLE

In the memoirs of Stephen Grellet, a member of the Society of Friends, who visited Russia in the year 1819, and was then very courteously received by the Emperor Alexander, the following incident is related:—

Prince Galitzin gave several interesting particulars respecting the renewing of the religious impressions that of latter years have been of an abiding nature with the Emperor.

When the information was received at Petersburg that the armies of Napoleon had entered Moscow, a general panic came upon the inhabitants, and they packed up their valuables to take their flight into some more secure place, for they expected the French would soon march for that city. The Emperor was preparing to go with the body of troops collected there to oppose them. Prince Alexander Galitzin had at that time many men employed in repairing the palace, which he continued calmly to go on with, whilst so many others were panic-stricken. Some envious person told the Emperor what he was doing, and that he must be a traitor. He went to the Prince, and queried, "Galitzin, what are you doing? What means all this? every one prepares to flee, and you are building!" "Oh," said the Prince, "I am here in as sure a place of safety as any I could flee to; the Lord is my defence, in Him I trust!" "Whence have you such confidence?" replied the Emperor; "who assures you of it?" "I feel it in my heart," answered the Prince, "and it is also stated in this divinely inspired volume," holding forth the Bible to the Emperor. By some inadvertent motion of the hand the Bible fell upon the floor—open. "Well, permit me," said the Prince, "to read to you in that very place in which the Bible lies open before us." It was the ninety-first Psalm; on hearing which, the Emperor stood for awhile like a man astonished. The army, during that time, was marching out of the city. It is the usual practice, on such occasions, or when the Emperor is to be absent for a length of time, that the last place he leaves is their great church. He repaired thither. The portion of Scripture read on the occasion was again the ninety first Psalm. The Emperor sent for the priest, and queried, "Who told you to make a choice of that particular passage of Scripture this day?" He replied that nobody had done it, but that he had desired in prayer that the Lord would direct him to the particular portion of the inspired volume he should read to encourage the Emperor, and that he apprehended that Psalm was the word of God to him. The Emperor proceeded some distance on his way; and late in the evening he felt his mind under great seriousness, and desired that the Bible should be read to him. When the person who came in for that purpose began, *he also* read the *ninety first* Psalm. The Emperor interrupting him, queried, "Who told you to read this? has Galitzin told you?" He replied that he had not seen the prince, nor had any one told him what to read; but that on being told he was sent for to read for the Emperor from the Bible, he had desired that the Lord would direct him to what was most appropriate for the occasion, and accordingly he had selected this portion of Scripture. The Emperor felt astonished at this, and paid the greater attention to what was read, believing that this must be the Lord's ordering. He was, therefore, very solemnly and tenderly impressed, and from that time he concluded, morning and evening, to read privately a chapter in the Bible. He was next day with the Princess Metchersky, at Tver. They agreed to begin the Bible together, and regularly to read it every day, so that they might both read the same portion on the same day, and be able to communicate to one another the particular impressions or reflections the reading of the day might have produced.

☞ "Has your son Timothy failed?" inquired Gubbens of Stubbens, the other day. "Oh, not at all; he has only assigned over his property, and fallen back to take a better position," was the reply.

THE MORNING AFTER THE PARTY.

MAMMA.—"Well, Maggie, who did you dance with last night?"

MAGGIE.—"Really, mamma, I quite forget. I've lost my card—something less than fifty though."

MAMMA.—"Oh, my! what is the world coming to!"

PRESENTATION TO THE COUNTESS OF YARBOROUGH.

[SEE ENGRAVING ON FIRST PAGE.]

A gratifying testimonial of public and private respect was recently given to the Countess of Yarborough at Brocklesby Hall, Lincolnshire. Both the Earl and the Countess enjoy the pleasures of the chase, and, it being their delight that others should participate in the amusement, the Brocklesby hunt is kept up with the prestige which has always rendered it famous among the packs of England. As an acknowledgment of the liberality of the Earl and the affability of the Countess, it was determined by the gentlemen who usually join the hunt to present her ladyship with an equestrain portrait of herself. The portrait is of life size, the picture measuring ten feet by six feet. The Countess is represented on her favorite hunter Brilliant, with two favorite hounds, named Gambler and Charity, at its feet. It is a striking and pleasing likeness, and was executed by F. Grant, Esq., at a cost of five hundred guineas. Shortly after ten o'clock a large number of gentlemen assembled in the park, dressed in hunting costume, and, forming a procession, marched to the entrance of the hall, headed by Mr. Thomas Brooks, the chairman of the presentation committee. They were invited into the spacious drawing-room, at the end of which was the portrait, concealed by curtains. Shortly afterwards the Earl and Countess, accompanied by several ladies and gentlemen, guests of his lordship, entered the room. Mr. Joseph Kirkham, the secretary to the committee, who has been indefatigable in carrying out the presentation, read, on behalf of the subscribers, an address to her ladyship. The picture was then unveiled, and Mr. Brooks begged her ladyship's acceptance of the gift. The Countess, in a few well-chosen sentences, gracefully expressed her gratitude. "I shall always value it," said her ladyship, "as a work of art; but it is still dearer to me as a mark of the love and good feeling existing between us." The noble Earl then invited all the subscribers present to partake of luncheon. After which, the hounds being in front of the hall, the Earl gave the signal for starting, and the whole cavalcade soon swept out of sight.

CHARMS.

Even in these late ages the horse-shoe is not unfrequently seen nailed over the door of the cabin or cottage, to "charm" away misfortune, or to "keep off" disease. There are intelligent men who have carried a buckeye in their "unmentionable" pockets for years, to "keep off" piles! Children can be found at school, any day, with little bags of brimstone attached to their necks by a string, to "keep off" some particular malady. There are many young gentlemen and ladies who have half a dozen "charms" attached to their watch-chains, it being a remnant of the ancient superstition. We give a pitying smile at the mention of these absurdities, for we know them to be unavailing. But there are "charms" against human ills which are powerful to save from physical, mental, and moral calamity!

Bearing about in one's heart the sweet memories of a mother's care, and affection, and fidelity, often has a restraining power, for many a year after that dear mother has found her resting-place in heaven, to restrain the wayward and the unsettled from rushing into the ways of wicked and abandoned men. John Randolph, of Roanoke, used to repeat in his later years, and always with quivering lips, that while he was quite a young man, in Paris, he was repeatedly on the point of plunging recklessly into the French infidelity which was so prevalent during the terrible "Revolution" of the time; but was as often restrained by the remembrance of that far-distant time, when yet in his infancy, his mother used to have him bend his knees before her, and, with his little hands in hers, taught him in sweet but tremulous tones to say nightly, "Our Father who art," etc.

Tens of thousands are there in this wide land who, by the "charm" of the temperance pledge, have gone out into the world, singly and alone, to battle with its snares, and temptations, and sin; they have been surrounded at every step by the great tempter, with the allurements of passion and pride; of sensual gratifications and of corrupting association; but keeping their eye steadily fixed on the beautiful "pledge," to "touch not, taste not" the accursed thing, they have bravely come off conquerors, and to day stand in their might the pillars of society. Young gentlemen, and young ladies, too, make it your ambition to bear about you "alway" the "charm" of the "pledge" of reverence for the Sabbath-day and the holy memories of a sainted mother's religious teachings, and you will pass safely to a ripe old age of happiness and health.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

☞ "There are three umbrellas," said little Nell. "The hat is one—the smallest; the umbrella is another: and the sky is the third—the greatest of them all—but also the leakiest."

Agricultural.

EXPERIMENT IN FEEDING SWINE.

Different experiments have been made in fattening hogs, but the one most deserving notice, was in the state of Maryland. The Agricultural Society of that state, instituted an inquiry into the respective merits of two modes of feeding, and the following is one of the results. On the first day of December, four shoats of the same breed, nearly of a size, and as much alike in every respect as could be selected from a herd, were made choice of, each being carefully weighed, and placed in a single sty, where their food could be exactly regulated. Two of them weighed together one hundred and eighty-five pounds. These were fed on one gallon each of shelled Indian corn, the gallon weighing seven pounds. This was the allowance for twenty-four hours, and as much water as they needed. The other two were fed on half as much by weight of Indian meal made into hasty pudding, with a little salt. The seven pounds of meal when cooked, weighed thirty pounds, and measured three gallons. Before the experiment had progressed a fortnight, it was perceived that the two fed on hasty pudding were outstripping the two fed on whole corn; and on the thirty-fourth day they were again weighed; the corn-fed ones together weighing twenty-five pounds more than they did on the first of December, while the two fed on mush—half the quantity—had gained forty-four pounds.

BLIND STAGGERS.—The following is said to be an effectual remedy for this formidable disease in horses: Gum camphor, one ounce: whiskey or brandy, one pint—dissolve. Dose—one gill, in a half pint of gum arabic, flaxseed, or some other mucilaginous tea, given every three or four hours, seldom necessary to give more than three doses. The horse must be kept from water twenty-four hours. Never bleed in this disease.

A BEE-MOTH TRAP.—John Nichols writes from Meapville, Crawford county, Pa., that one of his neighbors has invented a moth-trap, which is effectual. It is simply a box, with a moveable top, and frames which hold pieces of comb, convenient to remove for examination and destruction of the moth, which enters through holes, and deposits its eggs in the comb. This box is placed by the side of the hive, and furnishes a perfect hiding-place for the moths, where the bees do not molest them, and where they can be destroyed. The theory is that the moth will not attempt to enter the hive while it can find a much better place in the box.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

It is also said there are hives with entrances so guarded with little tin doors that the bees can, and the moths cannot enter.

HINTS FOR FARMERS.—A good farmer will never keep more than ten dogs to every five sheep. He will clean out his stables at least once every month. He will keep five or six sticks of wood cut up ahead, more than what is necessary for immediate use. He will not go to town and get on a spree oftener than three times a week, at least in harvest time. He will be very careful not to put up a rail on a line-fence unless his neighbor is there to help him. He will not injure his health by lying in bed after eight o'clock A. M.; but will have his cows milked and breakfast over and his men at work as early as ten o'clock.—*Ohio Farmer.*

A THING WHICH FARMERS SHOULD KNOW.—If you wish to drive a cut nail into a seasoned oak timber, and not have it break or bend, just have a small quantity of oil near by and dip the nail before driving, and it will never fail to go. In mending carts and ploughs this is of great advantage, for they are generally mostly of oak wood. In straightening old nails before using, let it be done on wood, and with easy blows. If done on iron they will be sure to break.

Useful Receipts.

CORNS.—The Scientific American says:—The best cure for these troublesome things that we have ever tried is to soak the feet in hot water for a quarter of an hour, so that the corn becomes soft, and then trim it off as close as possible, and not cause pain. Then take the tincture of the Arbor Vitæ, placed upon a little cotton and apply to the corn, and after a few applications to the corn, it will not only disappear entirely; but will not be likely to return again.

TO STEW OX-PALATES.—Wash thoroughly four or five ox-palates, then put them to soak in warm water for half an hour. Take them out, put them into a clean saucepan, and boil them gently until tender. Remove the skin from them, and cut them into pieces half an inch broad and three inches long. Put these pieces into a stewpan with a breakfast-cupful of veal gravy, a wineglass of sherry, a dessert-spoonful of catsup, an onion stuck with cloves, and a thick slice of lemon. Cover the pan closely, and stew gently for half an hour. Take out both onion and lemon, thicken the gravy with butter and flour, serve hot, and garnish with slices of lemon and forcemeat balls.

BAKED BATTER PUDDING.—One pint of milk, four large tablespoonsful of flour, four eggs. Put in the oven when you are about to dish dinner, allowing twenty minutes for baking. Bring it directly from the oven to table or it falls; butter the dish.

SUGAR JUMBLES.—One cup of butter; 2 cups sugar; 1 cup of cream; 1 egg; 1 teaspoonful of soda dissolved in the cream. Do not knead very stiff. Nutmeg. Bake in a quick oven.

TO REMOVE STAINS FROM BOARDS.—Pipe-clay and water mixed to a thick paste, and laid on to the place, removes the grease in a very short time. If there is very much grease, more pipeclay may be applied when the first has become saturated with it. Or: Take a quarter of a pound each of Fuller's earth and pearl-ash, and boil them in a quart of soft water; pour it, when boiling hot, on the greased boards, and let it remain for a night; then scour with sand and water. I tried this receipt a few weeks ago and found it perfectly successful.—*Helen Watney.*

GINGER CAKE.—Take 3 pounds of flour, 1 pound of sugar, 1 pound of butter, 2 oz. of ginger, and 1 pint of molasses; add a quarter of a pint of cream, and a little nutmeg. Mix warm, and bake in a slack oven.

GINGER LOZENGES.—Mix with white of eggs 4 oz. of powdered ginger, 3 pounds of white sugar, and 1 pound of starch.

GINGER WINE.—Boil 2½ oz. of sliced ginger with 8 pounds of sugar, 7 gallons of water, and the whites of 4 eggs. It must be scummed whilst boiling and strained afterwards, and left to stand till cold. Put it in a cask with the juice of 8 fine lemons and the peel of 4, cut thin; add to this a spoonful of yeast. Stop the cask well, bottle in a fortnight, and let the bottles stand another week before drinking the wine.

FOR A CHAPPED SKIN.—Put a large teaspoonful of honey into the basin of water intended for washing yourself.

☞ An adopted child will, in time, become the daughter of the household. It is wonderful how tendrils will twine around household plants.

The Riddler.

HISTORICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 65 letters.

My 47, 34, 39, 10, 41, 14, was a battle fought during the present war.

My 60, 19, 25, 59, 65, 21, 23, 22, 47, is a general of the Union army.

My 4, 22, 38, 30, 3, 62, 5, 44, 31, a battle of the present war.

My 16, 51, 8, 43, 14, 35, 10, 5, was a Union general.

My 42, 11, 40, 54, 39, 58, 2, 15, is the name of a noted vessel.

My 1, 4, 18, 14, 7, 20, 63, 27, 5, is the first name of a Union general.

My 24, 45, 49, 13, is a Union general.

My 9, 55, 13, 56, 15, 10, 44, was a rebel commodore.

My 29, 30, 36, 26, 33, 11, 31, was a colonel in the Union army.

My 36, 55, 61, 17, 35, 46, 49, an instrument of war used in water.

My 37, 64, 21, a certain writer calls the "son of hell."

My 53, 23, 57, was a general of the war of 1812.

My 63, is the first letter of a Union general's name who died in South Carolina.

My whole was a battle of the present war which caused great excitement not only in this country, but also in Europe. JACK.

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is found in every night,
Though not to time belonging;
It does its part in all that's right,
A double part in wronging.

My second terminates the war,
Though not in peace appearing;
Hung to the end of every car,
Performs its part in steering.

My third is found upon the beach,
And aids us there in walking;
Though not in mouth, nor tongue, nor speech,
Without it there's no talking.

My fourth discards the lowly hills,
But dwells among the mountains;
It's never seen near water-mills,
Yet forms a part of fountains.

My fifth turns rail into a trail,
And every tale commences;
Travels by steam, but not by rail,
Commands forts, but not defenses.

My whole, a warrior true and brave,
Unsheaths his sword in battle;
Our country and *our* flag to save,—
He goes where death-shots rattle.

Talbot Co., Md. AMBIDEXTER.

DOUBLE REBUS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A river in Prussia.
An exclamation.
A town in Hindoostan.
A volcano in Mexico.
An island in the Mediterranean sea.
A country in Europe.
A city in Italy.
A town in Russia.
A town in Denmark.
A city in Scotland.
A lake in Africa.
A territory of the United States.

My initials form the name of a periodical, and my finals the place where published.

SHESH B. WEST.

Bentleysville, Wash. Co., Pa.

PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Required the altitude of a cone inscribed in a sphere whose diameter is 7,916 miles, which shall render the convex surface of the cone a maximum? S. G. CAGROIN.

Verona, Oneida Co., N. Y.

☞ An answer is requested.

ALGEBRAICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

There are two different series of numbers in geometrical progression, each of which has its first term, ratio and number of terms equal; the sum of the *first* term of the first series and the *last* term of the second series is 31, and the sum of the *first* term of the second series and the *last* term of the first series is 252. Required—The two series of numbers?

ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venango Co., Pennsylvania.

☞ An answer is requested.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ What fruit involves a paradox? Ans.—A pear; because one is a pear (pair).

☞ What herb might your papa call you in giving you permission to work in his garden? Ans.—You May-weed.

☞ What number, with the prefix "Do," asks a lady if she does curtain work? Ans.—Unit. (Do you knit?)

☞ What beams often fall on men's heads without hurting them? Ans.—Sunbeams.

☞ Why is a supposed apparition like "a clear conscience?" Ans.—Because it is a nonentity.

☞ Why are persons who are abrupt in speech "not so sharp as they should be?" Ans.—Because they are blunt.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN OUR LAST.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA—That our Union may soon again be restored, and peace hover once more over our beloved country. ENIGMA—Alexander Wilson. RIDDLE—Abraham Lincoln. ENIGMA—Chair, hair, air.